

The Race

for the

Emperor's Cup

BY

PAUL EVE STEVENSON

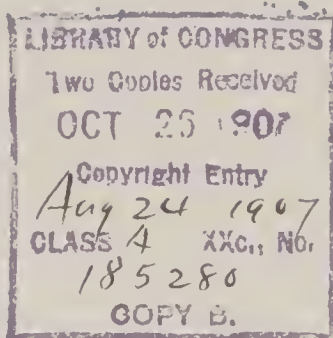
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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To the Donor of the Cup
His Imperial Majesty William II
German Emperor
and
King of Prussia

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INTRODUCTION

IF we except the brig *Cleopatra's Barge*, of Salem, Massachusetts, which crossed the North Atlantic in the early part of 1817, returning to her home port in October of the same year, with her owner Captain George Crowninshield on board, after a Summer passed in the Mediterranean, the first American yacht to sail across the Western Ocean was the illustrious *America*. She left New York on June 21, 1857, and three weeks and eight hours later she anchored at Havre.

In 1866 the small sloop *Alice*, only 48 feet on the water-line, crossed the Atlantic under command of Captain Arthur H. Clark, arriving at the Needles 19 days out from Nahant. There have been one or two other voyages across made by yachts of lesser distinction; but the first actual race from continent to continent was sailed in the Winter of the same year, 1866, when the *Henrietta*, owned by James Gordon Bennett, won a triangular race by arriving first at

the Needles in 13 days, 21 hours and 55 minutes. Her competitors were the Vesta, owned by Pierre Lorillard, and the Fleetwing, the property of Franklin Osgood. There were but 40 minutes separating the second boat, the Vesta, from the Fleetwing, while the Vesta sailed a course 35 miles longer than the latter. This great trial of skill and courage began on December 11th, at the outset of the wildest Atlantic weather, and each owner pledged himself to the extent of \$30,000, making a sweepstakes of \$90,000.

It was a very sportsmanlike thing to do, to send these little boats away in December. They were indeed small vessels in which to engage the ferocities of Western Ocean Winter weather, for the largest of them, the Vesta, was but 110 feet over all. The Henrietta, commanded by Samuel Samuels, the master of the Dreadnought, the "Wild Boat of the Atlantic," and the Vesta both came out of the fierce conflict unscathed. But while running off before a heavy gale, on December 19th, a sea boarded the Fleetwing at the main rigging, sweeping the decks fore and aft and carrying six seamen overboard out of the cockpit. It was impossible to recover the men in such weather, and, weighted down with sea boots and oilers, they vanished under a crest and

were not seen again. It was simply the work of a chance sea, for the yacht was making good weather of it at the time.

The next race over the ocean that divides the Old and New Worlds was sailed between the *Dauntless*, owned by James Gordon Bennett, and the *Cambria*, owned by James Ashbury. The start took place on July 4th from Daunt's Rock, the *Cambria* finishing first at Sandy Hook in 23 days, 5 hours, 17 minutes, the *Dauntless* arriving 1 hour and 43 minutes later. The latter held the lead until the Georges Banks were reached, when a slant of wind, favoring the English vessel, permitted her to finish first. It was agreed before the start that the *Cambria* should sail against the *America* for the celebrated Cup, an event that was consummated shortly after her arrival, with the well-known sequel.

The last race across the Atlantic was in 1887, when the *Coronet* defeated the *Dauntless* in a contest that started at Bay Ridge and ended at Queenstown, for \$10,000 a side. The former won after a superb struggle in the excellent time of 14 days, 20 hours and 30 minutes. Both yachts encountered very severe weather, and, being of the type that endures hard driving, both boats were rushed through it without any other

thought than to arrive first. The start of the race, on March 13th, was sufficient to insure enough bad weather to gratify almost any amateur. During the last three days, the Dauntless survived probably as heavy gales as a yacht was ever raced through. For seventy-two hours nothing but cold food of the most portable sort could be eaten on board.

The suggestion of the German Emperor for a transatlantic cup race in 1905 seems to have been a sort of inspiration, for it received such substantial support that in a short time eleven yachts had agreed to toe the line on the morning of May 17th. Although an almost preposterous discrepancy existed between the water-line length of the Fleur-de-Lys of 87 feet and the Valhalla, a massive ship-rigged deep-water vessel of 240 feet, a handicap was manifestly impossible. It was to be a contest in which fortune was to figure to a very large extent. If the winds were Easterly, then the fore and afters would have the better of it, in all probability. If Westerly and of sufficient vigor, the square-riggers would undoubtedly lead the way into the English Channel. In the end, the Atlantic, a fore and after, finished first, ahead of the giant Valhalla, in spite of two or three days of heavy following winds; while the Sun-

beam, square-rigged forward, a rugged, blue water cruiser, tight and staunch, though of an older type, defeated the fore and after, Utowana. So the impracticability of a handicap is at once apparent.

The element of danger was largely discussed up to the very finish of the race. That a certain amount of risk was present there can be no doubt. There is always more or less danger at sea. Indeed it may be said with truth that all contests which call into action human courage, endurance, self-reliance and the desire to excel in any sport that is generally included in the adjective "manly," are charged with danger to a greater or less degree. Even croquet numbers its victims—unfortunates who have stood in the range of a beheaded, flying mallet. Hunting, steeplechasing and other outdoor sports calling for courage and nerve have claimed hundreds of martyrs. Ping pong alone stands guiltless of murder. And ping pong is no more.

Therefore, if accidents had occurred to mar the great race of 1905, it would not have been astonishing. Indeed, considering one or two of the entrants it was more surprising than not to find that some one was not injured in the handling

of the vessels, either by flying blocks or other gear about the crowded decks or by a false step at night, or in the violent weather experienced at "the Corner." The crew of each yacht numbered on an average about thirty men. At least three hundred persons took part in the race, and assisted in working the different vessels through a gale of wind, with the knowledge in the mind of each sailing master that if he was not driving hard, some one else astern or ahead of him was; and yet the most serious mishap was the fracture of a couple of ribs. Ocean racing will ever remain a sport in which skulks the phantom of disaster. But as long as men live, in whose souls is born the love of the heroic as associated with the deep sea, so long will such contests as the transatlantic yacht race of 1905 receive the fealty of the yachtsman whose greatest enjoyment is found when his hundred-fathom lead-line seeks in vain the ocean's floor.

P. E. S.

Garden City, L. I., June, 1907.

A SHORT HISTORY OF
EACH BOAT



THE EMPEROR'S CUP

ATLANTIC

The Atlantic is probably the fastest and most advanced type of auxiliary yacht in the world. She is modern in every sense of the word—in youth, appearance, and fittings. No other auxiliary has ever approached her in speed by the wind, and her design permits her to lie very nearly as close as an ordinary racing schooner. But while designed for speed, ocean cruising was the most important consideration, and in the Kaiser's race she was the favorite from the beginning. She easily outfooted every competitor and finished nearly twenty-four hours ahead of the second boat. The Atlantic was designed by William Gardner, and built by the Townsend & Downey Co. at Shooter Island, New York, in 1903, for Wilson Marshall of the New York Yacht Club. Immediately after fitting out she made a voyage to the West Indies and in 1904 she participated in the outside races and the squadron runs of the New York Yacht Club cruise, winning both the Cape May and Brentons

Reef cups, indicating an extraordinary speed when reaching. It is an interesting fact that the Atlantic was the only centerboard boat in the ocean race, though her draught is such that she is practically a keel vessel, with but little actual use for the board. She was sailed in the race by Charles Barr. As is well known, she finished first.

HAMBURG

The only German entry in the race. She was originally the *Rainbow* and was designed by George L. Watson and built by Henderson at Glasgow for C. L. Orr Ewing, in 1900. She is now the property of a German syndicate headed by Adolf Tietjens. The *Hamburg* is a large two-masted schooner, nearly 160 feet over all, with exceedingly fine lines, and in her Clyde races she showed great speed on almost every point of sailing. Many judges of well-known ability in such matters selected her as the probable winner of the ocean race. She was the second boat to arrive.

VALHALLA

The only ship-rigged yacht in the race, and of heroic proportions, being of approximately 1,100 tons. She was designed by W. C. Storey and built by Ramage & Ferguson at Leith, Scotland, for James Laycock, in 1892. She is owned by the Earl of Crawford, and with a crew of 100 men, has visited every harbor of importance in the world. Her position at the finish was third.

ENDYMION

Few living yachts hold a better all-round record than the two-master Endymion. She came from the boards of Tams, Lemoine & Crane and was built by George Lawley & Son in South Boston, in 1900, for George Lord Day. She is now owned by George Lauder of the New York Yacht Club and holds the record for yachts from Sandy Hook to the Needles, having made the passage in 13 days, 20 hours. She is a powerful vessel, built for the express purpose of off-shore work, and may be taken as the representative type of that ever-growing class of blue water yachts. She is of composite construction and entered the Kaiser's race under the flag of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, of which Mr. Lauder was at that time Commodore. Hers was the fourth place.

HILDEGARDE

The Hildegarde is a two-masted schooner designed by A. S. Chesebrough and constructed by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. at Wilmington, Del., in 1897, for the late George W. Weld. She is now the property of Edward R. Coleman, who entered her in the ocean race under the flag of the Corinthian Yacht Club of Philadelphia. She is a very powerful boat and has made one or more successful passages to the West Indies. She was the fifth yacht to arrive.

SUNBEAM

By far the most famous yacht in the ocean race was the Sunbeam, owned by Lord Brassey of the Royal Yacht Squadron. She was built in 1874 by Bowdler & Chaffers, at Seacombe, England, from the design of St. Clare Byrne, and in all of her long and honorable life she has never had an owner other than Lord Brassey. She has three or four times circumnavigated the world, through the Straits of Magellan and around Agulhas. On board of her were written four journals that still remain the standard of their kind: "Sunshine and Storm in the East," "A Voyage in the Sunbeam," "In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties" and "The Last Voyage," all by Lady Brassey. In the thirty-three years of her life Sunbeam has sailed more than 300,000 miles, an average of about 10,000 miles a year—a record that cannot be approached by any other yacht in the world for so long a period. The Sunbeam is filled with rare objects of art presented to Lord

Brassey by the sultans of the Far East; and it was with these actually priceless articles on board that she raced across the Atlantic for the Kaiser's Cup. Sunbeam's rig is a three-masted topsail auxiliary schooner. Originally her rig was that of a fore and aft schooner, fore topsail and topgallant yards having been added for her first circumnavigating voyage in 1876. She crossed the line in the sixth place.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

This vessel had the distinction of being the smallest entry in the ocean race. She was built in Bath, Maine, from designs by Edward Burgess, in 1890; and she has the reputation of being the strongest built boat ever turned out of that famous shipbuilding town on the Kennebec. Like *Endymion*, the *Fleur-de-Lys* was constructed chiefly for ocean work, and, under the ownership of Dr. Lewis Stimson, has made several voyages of protracted length, one of them to the Mediterranean. She finished seventh.

AILSA

Designed by Fife and built by A. & J. Inglis, at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1895, for Major A. Barclay Walker, who at that time was prominent in the ninety-foot racing class in Great Britain. Her first appearance was in the Mediterranean races in the Spring of 1897. On certain points of sailing she showed remarkable speed and she was successful in several events. As an all-round boat, however, she did not please her first owner, who sold her in 1897 to F. B. Jameson, of Glasgow, who changed her from cutter to yawl. She was more successful under this rig than when a cutter; but in the Spring of 1901 she was sold to Henry S. Redmond of the New York Yacht Club, and during the following two years she was raced against the *Vigilant*, with considerable success, winning the Astor Cup for single masted vessels and yawls off Newport in 1892. She was then laid up and was not put into commission until entered in the ocean race. She was the eighth yacht to arrive.

UTOWANA

The Utowana, a three-masted schooner, was built by Naefie & Levy at Philadelphia, from the boards of J. Beavor Webb, in 1891, for W. West Durant. She was subsequently sold to Allison V. Armour of the New York Yacht Club, who has made nearly twenty voyages across the Atlantic in her, and while in English waters in 1902 she won the Channel race from the Isle of Wight to Cherbourg, to the Eddystone and thence to Cowes. Under the ownership of Mr. Armour she has cruised a distance of more than 100,000 miles. She finished ninth.

THISTLE

This two-masted schooner was laid down in the draughting room of H. C. Wintringham and built by the Townsend & Downey Co. at Shooter Island in 1901. She is owned by Robert E. Tod, who navigated the Thistle across the ocean in the race. Mr. Tod is known as an ardent supporter of ocean yacht racing and has made many long cruises in his vessel. She was the tenth boat at the Lizard.

APACHE

The only bark-rigged vessel in the race, the Apache was designed and built by J. Reid & Co., at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1890. She is now owned by Edmund Randolph of the New York Yacht Club, and is one of the handsomest auxiliaries on the coast. She is an ideal boat of her description for long passages; and, as the White Heather, made a name for herself on distant voyages. She was the eleventh boat to finish.

NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN

Compiled from the latest information

1888

The magnetic variation current is for 1888



UNITED
STATES



APACHE
HILDEGARDE
ATLANTIC
AILSA
FLEUR DE LYS
THISTLE
SUNBEAM
VALHALLA
HAMBURG
UTOWANA
ENDYMION



CHAPTER I

JOURNAL OF AILSA

WAS the thing exactly sensible, anyhow? It was the North Atlantic. That the month was May and therefore not far removed from Summer was true. But it was the North Atlantic. Not the Pacific, nor the Indian, nor even the Southern Ocean, pesty as the latter is. Just simple, plain North Atlantic—the vilest ocean for weather on the planet, right through the four seasons, round the zodiac, where as pleasant zephyrs often fan the voyager in January, as dour Nor’westers harry him in July. And the little Ailsa, too, a “crazy-eyed racing machine”; was she the sort of craft for the temptations of the Atlantic? We were not going to sea this time in a two-thousand-ton wind-jammer built to cheat the Horn itself, a big, husky brute, almost indestructible, but a fragile, composite, little ninety-foot racer, with a single mast (if you didn’t count the sapling in the stern), whose business it would be to lug the canvas in all weathers, whether she liked it or not. Come gale or gentle

breeze sail must be carried, for this was not to be a loitering cruise. "The old basket'll fall apart before you turn the Corner," quoth the Men of Comfort; and shook their salty locks and shivered their deep-sea timbers.

But wouldn't that be just the spice of it all, this three-thousand-mile dash across rough water in a ninety-footer? Anybody can go to sea in a big ship built to buck big against the rage of wind and water; but the chances offered are few of going down to the sea in a spoon-faced racer as frail as an egg compared with the big fellows. Besides, what say the sages? "A small vessel well found and handled makes better weather of it than the larger ones that cannot take two seas at once." Well, well, we should test that on the voyage over; and a bit of water on deck did not matter anyway; so, when we were asked to lend our presence on board Ailsa, it did not take us long to decide.

It was a sombre and chilling day, the 17th of May, 1905, that found eleven crack racing yachts waltzing about Sandy Hook lightship for the start of the Kaiser's Cup Race. An Easterly breeze was blowing in over the bar, and it never is a joyful thing to start to sea in a head wind, with a lee shore close alongside. But silvery fog

had delayed us a whole day anyhow; and now that it had lifted, every one of us, from august owner to verdant mess-boy, throughout the fleet, felt a savage impulse to get away for the Lizard at any cost.

Certainly no accusation of monotony of build could be foisted on the contestants. From ninety to thirteen hundred tons we ranged, and from tapering yawl to stately ship, with plenty of schooners and a fine bark thrown in for good measure. This pleasant variety lent an additional interest to the occasion and opened up to the veranda or rocking-chair school of navigators an exhaustless field for speculation. Thus spake these splendid salts: "What possible chance has Valhalla in May in a Western Ocean race? The rest of 'em'll lose her. January's her month." Yet again: "With the head winds she'll get in May near the Channel, Ailsa'll make the whole fleet look like frights. You hear me. I berth Ailsa for first place with the weather she's bound to find at this season." So, having definitely located each boat at the finish and agreed upon the only type of weather that could possibly prevail in the North Atlantic in the late Spring, these maritime Solons fell back, with congratulations that they were not courting destruction in so unneces-

sary a manner. However, a goodly company of these cheery fellows came down to see us off and had the felicity of watching the Ailsa cross the line first, a few seconds ahead of the Hildegarde, Atlantic, Hamburg and Endymion. The big square-riggers seemed to hang back in the sluggish air and went crabbing along for the line as though loath to poke their noses out past the committee boat.

Truly, it was a dim, gray sky under which we commenced our long dance, but it is also within the truth to say that not a single faint-heart in all the boats sat down to meat that first night at sea, with the land fading and fading in the West. Enough for the seaman that he is again launched upon the trackless ocean, treacherous and alluring. What matter the size of the boat if she be weatherly? Suppose the ice does lurk at the Corner or up on the edge of the Banks. Perhaps the fog would shroud us till a liner found us. But does the hunter think of the next fence or the halfback of the coming scrimmage? In heaven's name, then, let us gather and make a mighty meal, for the night fell cold and found us under a two-reefed mainsail, for the wind had freshened with the setting sun. Speculation is abroad on board as to which of

the racers took the Northerly course, skirting the Grand Banks and the gravestones of Sable Island, and which chose the Southerly or steamer route that cuts the 42d parallel on the 50th meridian. Many and wondrous bold were the devotees of Boreas, who cried with a loud voice asking what cared they for the ice, gales and fog of the Northern course? This was to be the route for these iron souls who scorned the less tranquil zones below; but eheu! these hardy fellows will follow the courses arranged by their sailing-masters, and transmigrate into what nearly every yacht owner becomes on a race like this—a passenger. No doubt a jolly passenger, and one peradventure with some latitude, but still, just a passenger. When the skipper desires to tack or wear, to reef down or shake out, the wisdom of the passenger plays no part in the evolution, though he cherishes some little delight in a powerful repetition of the skipper's commands. In the *Ailsa* we long ago decided that the Southern or more placid route would be stormy enough without looking for the gales and ice phantoms ten degrees farther North; and our aim is to steer an East course true for about twelve hundred miles, or straight out into the Atlantic, and then make the sharp turn to the Northward and sail on the Great

Circle if feasible to the Channel. The Northerly route is shorter by two hundred miles than the lower one, for the Circle track there starts at the Nantucket lightship and ends at the Scillies, near the finish, the Great Arc being actually the shortest course over the curved earth, though it looks longer on a map or chart. All of us would, of course, choose the Northerly track were it not for the fog, ice and storms near the Banks.

Here we are then on our first night steering somewhat to the Southward of East, with the wind at N.E. by E., and doing moderately well in a lump of a sea. The Atlantic and Hamburg have stolen into the mist ahead of us and we may not sight each other again during the passage.

May 18th. Lat. 39.44, long. 71.48. Distance run 98 miles. Average per hour 4 miles. All plain sail. Rain to clearing. Moderate Westerly winds.

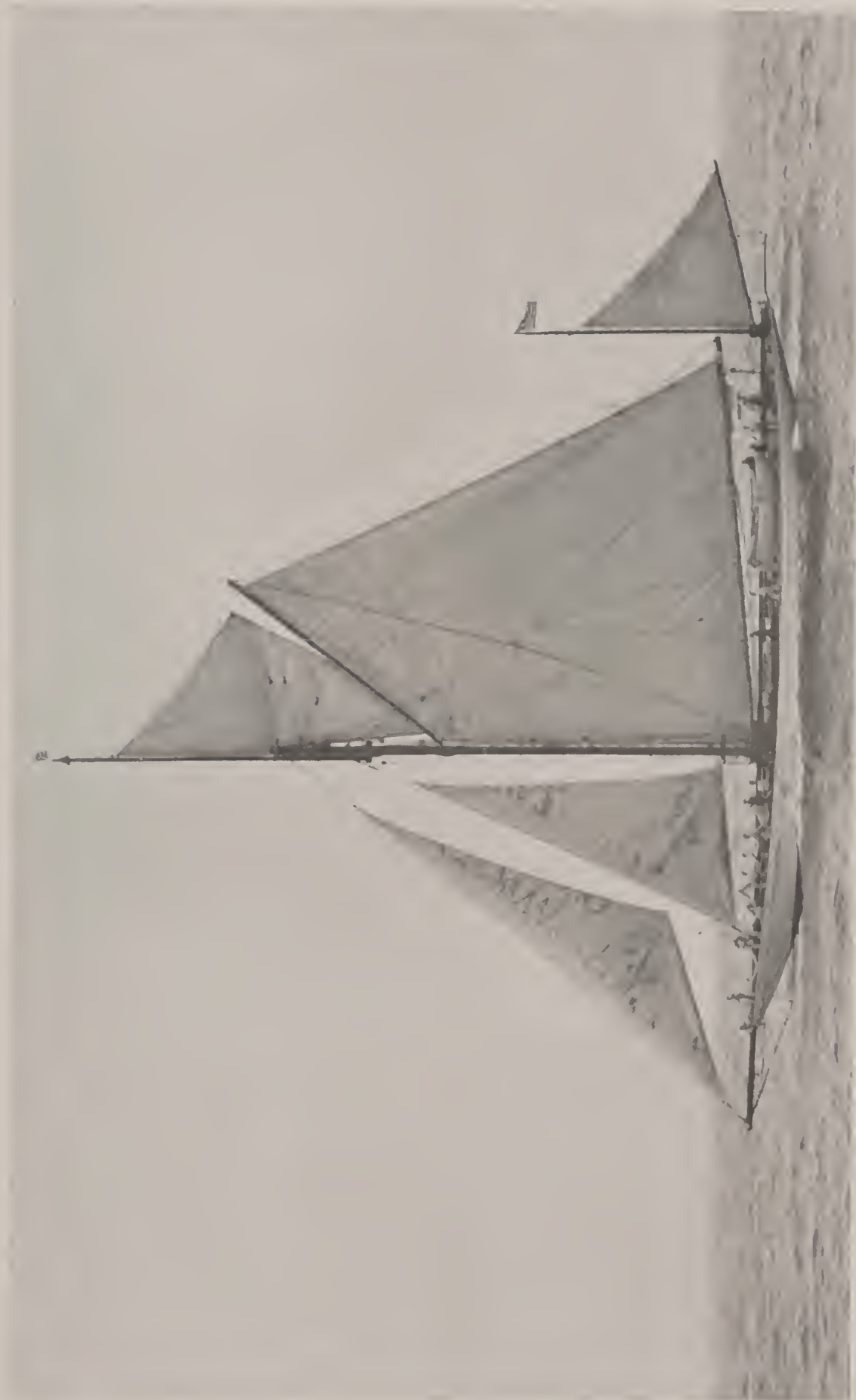
Humanly speaking, we three aft ought to make a very harmonious compound this passage, for all of us know the sea. There is the Navigator, for instance, who has a whole lifetime of yachting experiences astern of him and an incalculable amount of nautical history and tradition seething and hissing about him; there is the Artist, living over again the months, not to say

years, passed aboard the naval vessels of the earth's nations, sketching and painting, to mention naught of his experiences with palette and brush on Gloucestermen; and finally there comes the Scribe, who, with two long, wind-jammer voyages to his credit, feels well fortified against any exhibition of pelagic wrath.

Lem Miller, the man in whom reposes the responsibility of conducting us across the Western Sea with safety and despatch (with a powerful accent on the despatch, no one showing much interest in the safety part), is a hardy native of North Germany, with an immense pride in his adopted land, a small, springy body and a very alert mind. The mate, Chris Olstadt, is the only Swede in the ship, as lank as a Yankee, but evidently a good seaman, speaking entirely unintelligible English with stunning rapidity. The second mate is one John Svensen, a Norway man, compact, agile, vigilant and muscular—the right bower in a close call or a mistake at sea. The cook is a subject of King Christian IX., a sample of the “majesty of buried Denmark”; the steward passes most of his time in congratulating Great Britain for having given him birth. “We’re ’eaded for Gawd’s country now,” he croons. The rest of the ship’s company, some score of men

(for we are twenty-five all told, and three of us aft besides), are all Norwegians, some out of big, deep-water-men, just in from Cape Horn or the Spice Lands of the East after half a year at sea; some out of our racing yachts, and still others from the steel meshes of our great buildings—for the spiders that weave the metal webs twenty-five stories over our heads and the men that bridge our greatest rivers are recruited from the sailor lads, the boys who whistle at the tempest on the yardarm.

We fell in with rather thick weather during the morning, with a low barometer and foreboding look aloft and to windward that lasted till late in the afternoon, when we had a dazzling sunset, though the aneroid still sulked. "By heavens, the blue sky, und der glass don't know it," said the fanciful Lem. Later on the last link that bound us to our native shores passed close aboard, the steam yacht *Oneida*, bound back to New York after accompanying some of the fleet to sea. She scattered gloom through our little vessel with the intelligence that she had left the Atlantic and Hamburg seventy-five miles ahead of us at noon, the Hamburg a little in the lead, both boats at full speed, rail under. So, the antique game still goes on, England vs. America,



ALSA UNDER SEA RIG

for the yachting supremacy, Watson against Gardner; only, this time, instead of a brace of uncouth monsters, useless save for racing in smooth waters, we have a pair of grand, sea-going yachts, not built to cheat rules of measurement, but to sail races in come gale or calm, either in Long Island Sound or in blue water where the soundings of the deep-sea lead are vain.

Well, we are third, anyhow, at the end of the first day and we had the satisfaction of raising the good old Sunbeam out of the sea ahead at dusk, and together we sped along in the full moonlight before a fresh Sou'wester, some two miles apart, the old, historic English deep-water yacht with three hundred thousand miles of off-shore cruising to her good name soaring over the capering whitecaps with starboard stun'sails out—the vessel that has sheltered Gladstone and Tennyson and other mighty Britons.

May 19th. Lat. 39.38, long. 67.17. Distance run 229 miles; average per hour $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Reefed mainsail; strong S.W. breeze. Clear weather.

The cobalt sky to-day is only exceeded in beauty by the cerulean sea, for we are off soundings now and the color of the ocean holds the marvelous blue that it assumes only when the

floor sinks to the graver depths of the open sea. The water seems to be full of blueing, with the transparency of plate glass; this morning, during a light, smooth spell, the rudder pintles showed as plainly as through air ten feet below the surface. We are all getting gradually shaken down to the life on board, so different in every way from shore living, that a couple of days must pass before the strong breath of the deep sweeps out the cobwebs of the city. Who does not know that radiant sense of health after a few days of briny air, that splendid vigor that sends the scarlet blood spirting through its channels after a week in the open sea, and the clear and steady eye? By two in the afternoon a splendid flashing breeze was rushing up from the Southwest and for the rest of the day we did an easy twelve knots under every kite with which a racing yacht can be smothered, barring the club topsail. How many yachtsmen with even years of ocean cruising to their credit have ever seen a racing "ninety" doing twelve nautical miles an hour like a steamboat, with her spinnaker boom soaring to the masthead at every heave, as the big, crested rollers swing under her, and then smother ten feet of the mainsail's clew in the leeward roll, and tear it out of the sea crest with a whirl

of foam that harbors for an instant a shimmering spray bow? And all this four hundred miles from land, straight out in the Atlantic—where live the Winter tempests—with the inviolable heavens overhead and two thousand fathoms of sea beneath the keel. No amount of after gales and icy fog can deprive us of the unnamable joy of life on this day, with the long, blue swells—the *perpetuum mobile* of the deep—rolling with tireless energy into the East, urged by the cool stream of the Sou'wester that pours the life fluid into our kites. All but skipping from sea to sea, lagging a moment in the valleys and then carving a path through a crest like a scimitar we soared over the following seas; and the gaze of all finally turned to that wonderful spinnaker whose boom dipped now in the froth overside, now reared aloft to touch the starboard spreader. No device could keep it steady in those pendulum rolls, and we could but sit and marvel at this great bird, as it were, folding and flapping his pelican wings, till in an instant a report rang across the deck and the big right wing of the creature seemed to wilt and fade, while a great thumping alongside spelled disaster. Unable to bear the sudden strains every few seconds, the spinnaker boom,

with an expiring gasp, sprang upward, bending like a yew bow and broke into three pieces that slapped our broadsides like the flukes of a whale as they dropped into the sea, from which with some difficulty we plucked them, losing altogether a twenty-foot section that vanished entirely.

This was our first untoward incident and illustrated the tireless driving that usually wins a race like this, when sail must be dragged till the last minute (and sometimes beyond it), recalling visions of our China tea clippers of an ancient date, which frequently carried away their very top-gallant-masts in the rush to land the new season's tea first in Boston. It may be advanced that such carrying on has not the best judgment behind it and that breaking or maiming masts and booms and things smells of the hare that lost the race. But spars can generally be spliced or repaired in some way, and then there is always the chance that they may hold together, crowning the lucky mariner with unquenchable fame. Be this as it may, we were enabled to fish or splice our boom, but were obliged to make use of the balloon jib topsail in lieu of a spinnaker, as the mutilated spar was some twenty feet too short for its old draperies.

As evening drew on though and the wind and sea both increased somewhat alarmingly, the most hopeless driver that ever dismasted his ship would have shortened sail on the Ailsa for the night, so we got the mainboom inboard and tied two reefs in the sail. We have to be very cautious and saving with that mainsail and its huge, cigar-like boom. Schooners that boast two or three masts can afford to invite much greater risk; but with a yawl that must depend almost entirely on a single big spar, great vigilance is the toll demanded of the successful yacht. Cap'n Lem's twenty years in racing yachts have knocked many things into his head and this is one of them.

May 20th. Lat. 39.20, long. 63.20. Distance run 192 miles; hourly average 8 miles. Reefed mainsail and storm trysail. Heavy Westerly squalls.

If the entranced reader has ever sought the sea and gained its friendship through the deep-water wind-jammer, which is the only medium through which she speaks to man with affection and confidence, and if he has run his Easting down bound out around Good Hope, he will understand when he reads in this day's journal, that the rolling last night nearly equalled that in

a square-rigger running before it in the Southern Ocean. One animated sea for which we were not prepared, sprang down the open companion-way at two in the morning, and dispensed humidity over the saloon and passageways generally. We have no carpets down on the floors this voyage though, so it was not a difficult affair to mop up the few bucketsful of brine that splattered below. But misery indeed for the man whose kismet had given him a wide bunk on such a night, in which he wallowed and floundered like a stranded fish; detestable the hidden delight of the human in his allotted thirty-inch bunk, where, immovably chocked off with a couple of pillows at back and chest, he comfortably harked to his comrade's ravings.

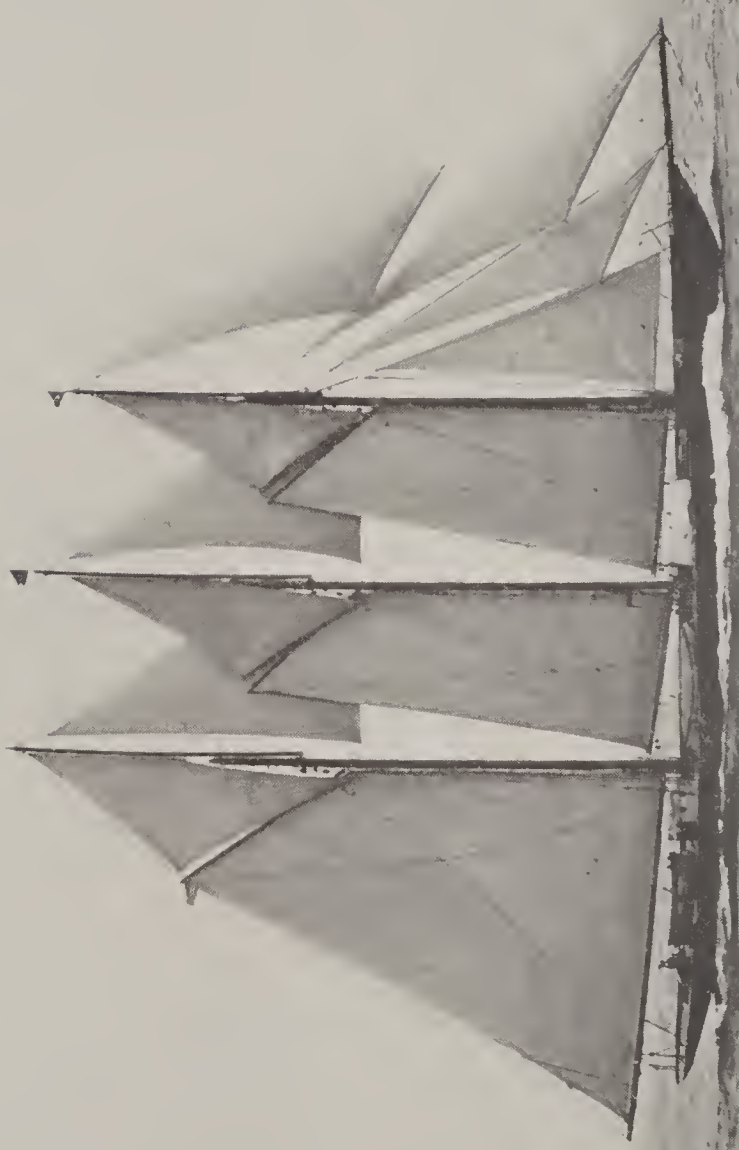
Such canvas-shifting, such incessant changes in sail carrying has seldom been seen out of sight of the land as that that took place on the deck of our coracle all day. At ten in the forenoon, aneroid, sky and sea portended dismal events; at noon the wind had let go by half, the sea had moderated, the sun smiled through the mist banks and the trysail had lost grace and had yielded to the towering gaff of the mainsail. Two hours later the whole solar system changed again, so to speak, and the toggles of the little hempen

triangle once more embraced the lower mast as the fussy squalls blew at us from all round the compass. Very interesting it was, too, to watch the increment of celerity on the part of the crew that accompanied each sail shifting that went on from time to time during the twenty-four hours, till at last they handled the big square of duck like the men on a cup defender—by no means an easy job in a lop of sea and jumble of squalls. The Navigator seemed especially enthralled in the maneuvers and watched them till darkness almost hid the men, when a deft kick on the head from the second mate's nice, new rubber boots as the Navigator sat in the companionway (followed by frantic apologies) killed his ardor, and, with the rest of us he sought the charms of the dinner table. Some of us are muttering: "Will the grub hold out like this, or will we presently bask in the presence of dandyfunk and lobscouse, cracker hash and other blue water gastronomic allurements?" For new-made soup confronts us each noon, as well as salmon steaks and egg sauce, sweetbreads, sizzling roasts and plum puddings, all swiftly served and silently by the gaunt-jawed Briton whose training in Albion's navy has enabled him to disregard an angle of forty-five degrees. The harbor

of all our epicurean joys is a portentous refrigerator, which, temporarily built into the floor, shares most of the saloon area with a hummock of spare sails. Ice, why we have enough to fill a morgue; and unwholesome thoughts occur to us when the white-capped chef uncovers the great zinc trough and burrows among the cold and pallid contents. Solveless will some mysteries always remain; and if the Danish cookman can always mingle his viands and seraph smiles as he does now, it is not for us to riddle his secret.

May 21st. Lat. 39.32, long. 58.46. Distance run 204 miles. Hourly average $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles. All plain sail. Fine Nor'west winds and light rain squalls. Sea moderating in afternoon.

A very beautiful morning followed another night of excessive rolling, although the motion in this type of vessel is not nearly so quick nor violent as we supposed it would be and is much less aggravating than that of a square-rigger in a heavy sea. We are still a little to the Southward of New York and some seven hundred miles from Sandy Hook, aiming to pass the 50th meridian about seventy-five miles South of the West-bound steamer track, in the event of fog and ice at the Corner or crossing. A wise congress of steamship owners decided several years



ago to run their mail steamers between New York and the Channel parallel and sixty miles apart to avoid collisions. A great deal of ice has been reported as far South this year as the 39th parallel, pushed there by heavy Northers, no doubt, right across the track of the twenty-three-knotters, directly into the ocean boulevard where three thousand people dwell in some of the big express steamers.

Far away on the blue horizon just after sunrise we sighted the three tall masts of one of our noblest competitors lifting and settling on the swell—the Utowana—who, so 'tis said, can smell her way across the Western Ocean after scores of thousands of miles of its smooth and stormy waters. There was plenty of sea left, too, in the early morning from last night's heavy winds, and some of the big, bounding ones, royal blue and dazzling, impaled themselves on the jigger bumpkin over the stern; and the breeze that blew across them hung a fringe on the neck of each. Certainly last night the devil was adrift on the deep sea—huge, menacing squalls in every point; a choking, heavy wind; nasty, breaking seas; five points of yawing at every heave; and the helmsman, a ghastly image in the binnacle light, sweating to foil the jibe on the crest of a roller.

This is a wretched condition, but a helpless one when racing, when you must carry sail to make the speed and when the over-canvassed yacht, with the Satanic mainboom in charge of the deck, teeters on the edge of a sea and hesitates which way she will go. But then, how the memory of all this fades when the stars come out a few hours later and the yacht steadies herself against the clear Nor'wester!

May 22d. Lat. 39.40, long. 55.20. Distance run 144 miles; hourly average 6 miles. All plain sail. Moderate Southeasterly winds and smooth sea.

At daylight on this matchless, blue morning we sighted the present holder of the record from Sandy Hook to the Needles, *Endymion*, she of the smooth-flowing name and nimble heels. All day long we held each other, the powerful ocean cruiser, built to scuffle with the elements, and the slender low-sided racer framed up for nothing worse than a few hours' thrash in the chops of the Channel—we two, the cormorant and the gull, sailed abreast throughout this sunny day a few miles apart, with starboard tacks aboard. The winds were light and favored first one and then the other, till finally we took a freshening gust first from the Southward and

gradually stole away from our illustrious rival, Ailsa steering like a knockabout on the wind, her wheel like the balance of a watch.

The Navigator has made the most astonishing advances with his sines and secants and can work up his sights now without any errors at all, though lack of experience blocks, as yet, an equal accuracy in taking the sun, which will no doubt be smoothed out before the passage is many days older. Bringing down accurately the heavenly bodies to a shimmering horizon with a sextant aboard of a vessel visited with chorea, is not given to many mortals.

The Artist, Master of Tints and Shades, with his paints and his brushes and his dazzling palettes, is living the time of his existence. "I never knew the ocean before. I never saw the sea till the last few days," he rhapsodies. "The colors of it all; oh, the colors of the belly of a sea as it curls. It drives you mad because you've never seen how to paint deep salt water till after you've found out how little you've known all these years." And he whelms down his pigments on paper and canvas, sketch and fragment chasing each other like clouds in the sky. He never wearies; now with pencil to snatch the pose of a sailor heaving on a halyard

or sheet; now the water colors to catch the shadows on the sea; now he appears with the oils for the sunset flames and afterglow, till his energy fires the ardors of the very winds of heaven and a sudden puff oversets easel and tubes into the scuppers. And when the shooting spray has driven this astonishing person from the decks, lo, he has lashed his panoply in the saloon under the skylight and elaborates the color slashes he has caught in the open air. Being a Scandinavian by birth, we looked to see the spectacle of a guest holding converse with a yacht's crew in their *ain* tongue. But sailors harbor a curious fondness for the speech of the Anglo-Saxon. "It's the shorthand of the sea, that's why," says Lem Miller, and perhaps he is right.

May 23d. Lat. 40.35, long. 49.36. Distance run 264 miles; hourly average 11 miles. All lower sail. Fresh S.S.E. breeze; double reefed mainsail at sundown.

The Corner at last. On this, the morning of the sixth day, we have reached the spot designated by the congress of ship owners where the mariner alters his course Northward for the Channel. We are eighty-five miles to the Southward of the Westward steamer track and not far from the middle of the ocean, Sandy Hook at noon

bearing West distant about twelve hundred miles. We have kept even a little farther South than we had intended to on account of the urgent ice warnings in the May Hydrographic chart. So now we will commence to sail on the long, long curve, the majestic arc of the Great Circle, that leads to the Scillies and the finish.

All the forenoon we had snored along at eleven and twelve knots, with a bank of milky fog glaring on the Northern horizon into which we all peered for signs of a drifting peak, when away in the Nor'west there grew a glimmer of white, pronounced by the infallibles in the skipper's division to be a three-masted schooner yacht. What myriad visions of joy floated into our skulls as we glued our gaze to the stranger ahead, the while our fascinated eyes told us that she could be none other than the Atlantic, the favorite in the race, the fastest boat of her type in the world, the one craft that every one of us feared from tiny Fleur-de-Lys to kingly Valhalla. And here we were right up alongside, as it were, and drawing nearer every minute. Some of us clung to the belief that the spars ahead belonged to the Utowana, others cherished the notion that they were the squaresails of the Sunbeam. Anyway, we all agreed that she was a three-master,

and most of us were willing to bet our ultimate million that it was the arrogant Atlantic, when the bubble burst with a shatter and out of the wreck of our hopes there emerged by and by a gorgeous iceberg, flaunting his prisms in our face. Full two hundred feet his frigid walls rose above the rollers that weltered at his foundations, fixing a new standard in our eyes of the grandeur of floating things. Away with the forms of the clippers of eld and the ships-of-the-line built of oak and the pine. For the picture of their towering clouds of canvas dwindles to a trifling detail in the presence of the Arctic berg, with his creamy spires carved in the living ice. Seven times greater below the water-line than above, he passes through the currents of the deep with ponderous glitter, the Summer seas glancing on his smooth, dark flanks. Awful, grand, exquisite, a mammoth sapphire to-day, an emerald obelisk to-morrow, he shoulders his pathless and menacing way, the consternation of the Western Ocean mariner.

Later in the day our splendid visitor vanished in the fog after he had felled the thermometer from 75° to 45° in the air and lowered the water from 66° to 44° . At sundown we exchanged signals with a dismal old cargo boat, stumbling

along into the West. With the same consideration accorded the gilded liner we returned her salutations—the courtesy of the deep blue sea is inviolate.

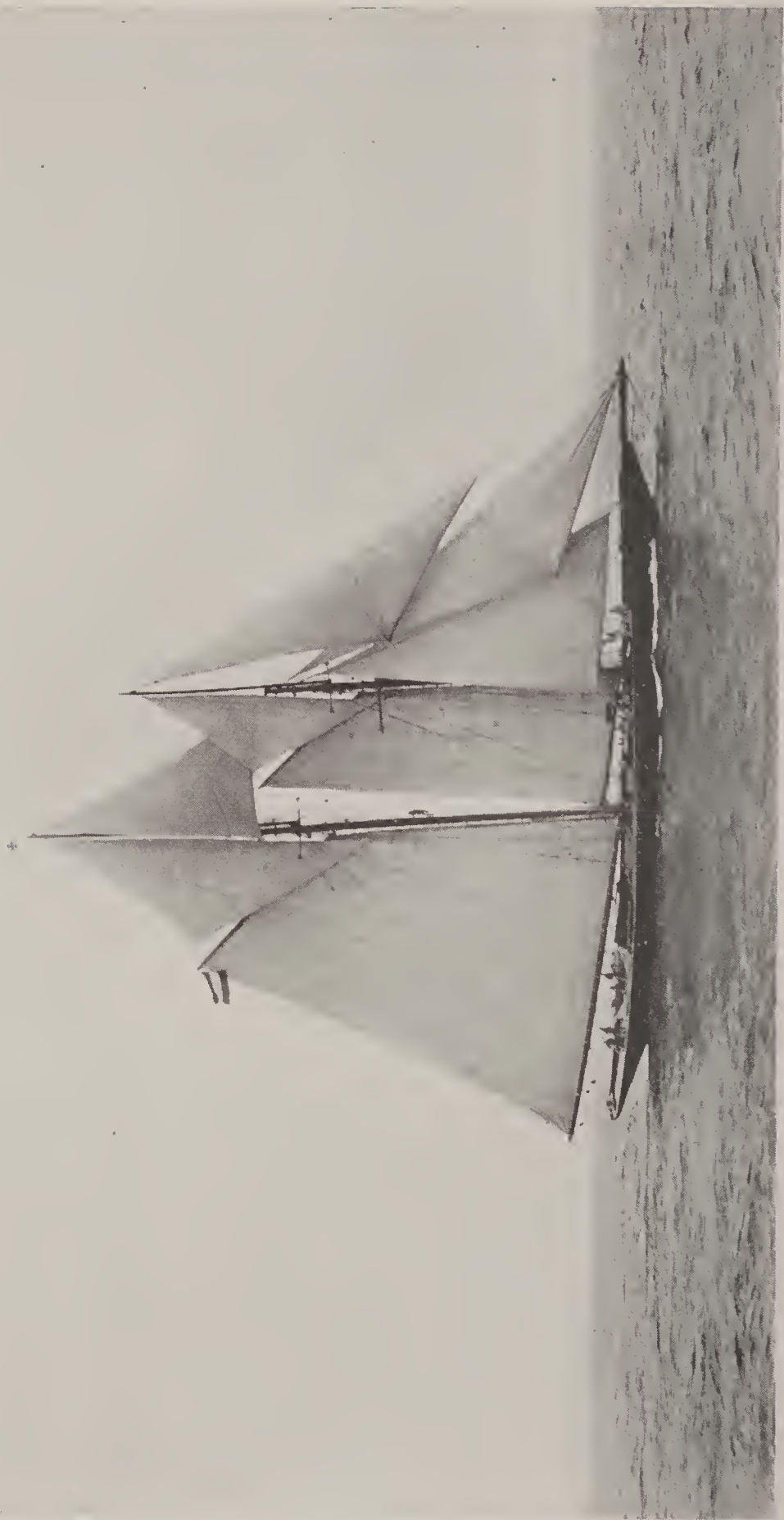
May 24th. Lat. 41.50, long. 44.12. Distance run 256 miles; hourly average 10 2-3 miles. Squaresail and trysail. Strong S.W. winds and increasing sea.

Fine work we did last night under a two-reefed mainsail, close-hauled, logging five hundred and twenty miles in two days. In the mid watch, from midnight to four this morning we reeled off fifty miles, and in one hour we covered the estimable distance of thirteen knots, nautical or geographical miles, as the reader fancies. Among mariners the word “knot” is seldom heard; “mile” is used instead, except in the speed of ships, when the more explicit term is employed; lest by some chance the dark hint be cast that the gallant vessel’s speed was reckoned in a mile of 5,280 feet instead of the full-grown or adolescent knot of 6,080 feet—seven knots equalling eight statute miles.

The Artist wrought all day in oils on deck. “By heavens, look at the man,” said Cap’n Lem, as a sea top fell over the quarter and broke against the legs of this astounding toiler, sketch-

ing, always, always sketching, the most unshakable worker that ever put color on canvas. By an incredible system of guys and props he arranged his patent, collapsible easel in the saloon again to-day (after it had disintegrated in the elements on deck a couple of times), rising through the companionway to spout like a bow-head at the first sign of the skylight covers which are necessary sometimes for the heavy spray, and you can never tell for certain when a barrel or so of solid green is due.

Clouds of white brine flew over the dories lashed amidships all day, though we kept singularly clear of heavy water considering that our decks are only five feet above the sea. Most of us look with suspicion on these dories lashed three in a nest on each side. It is common to hear the Yankee dory extolled as the greatest sea-boat of her size in the world; as they are only fourteen feet long, perhaps for their size they are all that is claimed for them. Yet it must be admitted that in the hands of a Gloucesterman they perform wonders on the Banks. On the other hand, when the ordinary sailorman steps into one of them he wishes he had done something else, for a more sardonic little boat is inconceivable, seeming to enjoy its



power of spilling you out on both sides at once. At all events, the average human frame is a good deal more comfortable in a stout yawl boat; and we could easily carry a couple of them, instead of six of these irritable craft.

A wonderful sight to-night rushing Eastward at nearly twelve knots beneath the clear stars. A strong Sou'wester drives us on before a high, though regular sea, under the squaresail and trysail, the yacht swinging rail under to port and starboard, drenching us with spurts and streams of phosphorus; while the big rascals towering over the stern throw an actual glare from their curling tops.

May 25th. Lat. 43.52, long. 39.12. Distance run 251 miles; hourly average 10½ miles. Running under squaresail and trysail; strong S.W. gale with high, furious sea. Used oil bags for 12 hours.

All day we have run before high Southwest winds and an ugly, breaking sea. It began to blow hard at ten in the forenoon and at midday the Sou'wester was booming along at least force 8 in the Beaufort scale and the ocean had risen in a nasty, peaked sea that hung high above the flying yacht, with two helmsmen lashed to the wheel and three oil bags out to windward.

And this is the manner of an oil bag: A sort of pouch is made of heavy duck, of the size and shape of a ham, and is then stuffed with oakum and "wave" oil is poured over it till sodden; upon which the bag is sewed up, holes are punched in it with a small spike and it is hung over the weather bow. There amid the rage of foam it slowly yields its viscous life-blood, which drifts swiftly past and smooths the dangerous crests that hound us astern; and a gallon of "wave" oil will cover a multitude of seas.

Incredible was the effect of this treatment. Cliffs of water rose astern, high over the jigger mast, their mighty haunches ribbed like corrugated steel, with roaring crest, boiling. Nothing could save us, that was manifest, nothing; and the curious, little iridescent film trailed astern, sullen and spreading. Forward came the big combers till the spindrift choked the air and the blast of doom had almost sounded, when something loosed the magic, and the foam and the curling crest melted away and the stifled giant stole quietly under our flanks, with a slap at the quarters as he passed by. And the big, harmless bulk of the roller (for it is only the crest that bites) hurled us, launched us into the air like a goosequill and strode on to seek another victim.

Far away, we watched the pyramid seas tower and flee along the devastated horizon; and the smell of the salt spume filled the soul—the Thing that drew Magellan round the world and nerved the rugged Anson for the Horn. The sea was calling with his ringing cry, and down the gale went flying the sailor songs of men.

Our companionway and skylights have been battened down for forty-eight hours. The only entrance below is by way of an iron ladder through a hatchway leading into the skipper's room; and we have to watch our chance and skip below mighty suddenly and clap the hatch to again, often imprisoning some fingers and a thumb or two in the consummation of the feat. We have had no water below yet, for even the deadlights in the decks are tight, though the light is rather dim in the saloon and we eat our meals in a yellow lamp-glow to the chattering spray on deck like bullets on a roof. But the luxury of our repasts has in no whit diminished and we still continue to inhaust such delicacies as squabs, souffle omelettes and salads, not to mention the sterner provender of the deep sea; and the wonderful cooking master in the galley and the still more marvelous acrobat who serves us at the table pursue serenely their divers labors.

The Ailsa has performed some very unusual antics in the last two days, yet but seldom does the clatter of a shattered platter assail us, and there is a complete dearth of those fulsome oaths in the galley that always accompany the capsizing of scalding coffee. In short three more utterly contented men it would be hard to find than the after-guard in the Ailsa. Indeed, what more does the sailorman want than a fine bluster of a breeze, a good bit of ship under him and a score of lusty lads on deck to steer and stand by? Our little vessel is not altogether of the type one would voluntarily choose for offshore work; yet she has soundly done her duty so far, and more no one could ask. Indeed our skipper would "bet a vager" that we are the driest ship in the fleet, for our light build and almost incredible buoyancy keep us well clear of dangerous water on deck; thick, heavy spray is flying all the time now, but the oil kills the wicked, hollow arch on the ridges of the big fellows, so that their familiarity is not such as to breed contempt. The helmsmen are still made fast to the wheel in chance of a heavy invasion, a precaution taken by every good seaman in small boats.

Our cyclonic disturbance—for such it gives evidence of being—arrived in mid Atlantic, about

fifteen hundred miles from Sandy Hook and the Channel. It is hard to estimate on the weather now, at ten in the evening; but the aneroid is not in a cheerful temper and the wind looks as though it were going to shift into a Nor'wester. But we will hang on as long as we can.

May 26th. Lat. 45, long. 34. Distance run 224 miles; hourly average 9 1-3 miles. Hove to under the trysail in a heavy N.W. gale and gigantic sea.

Only those of us who had graduated as "extra master" of the sea got any sleep last night. Both wind and sea increased after twelve o'clock and the sharp heaves when the big leaden bulb seventeen feet below the water-line jerked our spars to windward when the crests had passed by, tested our gear to the final ounce and also our ability to stay in bed. Running in a heavy sea in broad daylight is as nice and close work as most men want to experience; but when dusk falls and you have the darkness ahead of you and indubitable evidence that the gale is freshening, and that those vast combers are climbing higher every hour, you comprehend, perhaps for the first time, what a sliver a yacht at sea really is when the burly winds are aboard—when the

Great Organist opens His diapasons and starts the deep and powerful Song of the Shrouds.

Thus in an ever-mounting sea, in which all the energies of Nature seemed to have been concentrated, we ran the Ailsa before it all last night. Clutching the "slide" of the after-hatch immediately forward of the wheel, we could watch the terrific crests astern rearing up in clouds of frothy glimmer, and see the helmsmen grinding the wheel hard up to keep her dead before it; and then the breathless rush on the ridge of the roller as it roared by, and the deep drop into the liquid pit that seemed to draw the very air from the lungs, while the squaresail flapped a moment in the calm hollow of the seas. Under usual conditions we should have hove the yacht to long ere this and passed the night in peace, comfortably, head to the gale, instead of this wild and dangerous flight. But this is not a cruise where comfort is the motto, but a race across the Atlantic solitudes, where driving wins through daylight and dark and victory is purchased at the cost of sleepless nights and needle-pointed nerves.

Captain Miller was on deck all night, silent and vigilant, one eye on the compass card, the other on the graybeards astern, lending a hand

now and again when we took an extra devilish shear. Heavy rain squalls burst every half hour or so up to two in the morning, when it cleared off somewhat, and the wind shifted gradually into the Northwest in a succession of furious gusts, and an hour later had steadied into a magnificent roar—the deep tones of what seamen call a heavy gale, and landsmen a hurricane. It seemed to breathe fresh life into the ocean's rage; and in the drab dawn we marked the lock-step of the giant seas.

Men must eat though and a stout breakfast gladdens the heart; and when we had clawed up on deck again from the dense air and sooty lamps of the saloon, the sun was beaming in a blue sky, and we wondered where were the sources of this mighty wind. The heavens hung stainless above us, but the sun gazed down on a scene of primal chaos and on twenty-eight humans reeling along in a racing machine like a leaf in a squall. The sea caught the reflection of the cobalt sky and discarded that lowering gray hue that chills the mind in most heavy gales, and glistening snow-banks now capped the dark-blue flanks.

But the little Ailsa had reached her limit of running. As the morning wore by and the view

from the peaks grew wilder and grander, all the men in the yacht could not have kept her straight before the assaults of the Atlantic monsters, and she yawed and gasped in the attacks like a wounded creature. Time and again she swerved up quartering on the long slopes, while the men ground at the wheel in vain, and at length in a sweeping arc she all but broached, heeling at the same time till stationary objects fetched away, and a man glanced at his neighbor. Still Cap'n Lem could not bring himself to throw away what we all believed to be an excellent position in the race by laying the yacht to and allowing some of our larger competitors to pass us—those who could safely run in this smother. He stood holding by the weather dories, leaning now to one view, now to another, when the Ailsa settled it for him by swinging up broadside on a tall sea and broaching right in the whistling crest. She all but turned round and looked us in the face, and no one on board could doubt that we had run her to the extreme edge of safety. The yacht would not handle running in such weather, was beyond control at times, and we had but one alternative, that of heaving to. The eighty-ton heap of lead and the cutaway fore body of a modern ninety-foot racing yacht decide her



VALHALLA

ability to run before it pretty early in the game; we had run a little too long as it was, and now we were stalled with the question of how the Ailsa would behave when we put the wheel down—whether we could find a suitable “smooth” for her to come up in, or whether one of the old whiteheads would do us the honor of a visit and we wouldn’t come up at aíl.

It was a moment for deeds, though, and not words, and one of the hands was stationed on the weather side with a bucket of wave oil which he ladled out with a cup over the boiling sea—a gleaming scum that we could follow far up to windward as we raced on. It seemed to be a good chance at this minute, though away up in the eye of the gale rose the smoking crest of a perfect monarch of the sea; he seemed to be headed so as to pass astern of us though, and the voice of our skipper rang above the riot: “Now, boys, get dot squaresail off her.”

Now we are in that rare condition of a vessel without a hangerback in the crew, and the words were scarcely out when a dozen men sprang into the white smother forward of the mast. The Ailsa was pushing her nose pretty far into green water now and then when seized with one of her unconquerable desires to turn around, and Svensen,

the second mate, and the men who went with him had the solid water to their knees. Where Svensen toils though victory lurks; and with feet glued to the deck and every finger a fishhook this splendid Norseman and his band of Vikings, laughing, cursing, bawling and hauling their hearts out nearly, got the big square of canvas on deck.

“Now, Olstadt, get all hands on der trysail sheet. Let Olaf and Petersen take der wheel; und when I sing out, fellows, jump on her. Overboard mit der oil now.” And even as the skipper spoke the moment had arrived when we had to face that sea head on. Lying to is, of course, much easier and safer than running, and yet when you are going off before it the gale does seem to jeer at you till the ship's head comes up to the wind and you hang without headway in the muck of sea. We were all ready now. Extra lashings had been passed around everything movable on deck, anticipating this moment; every hatch and skylight was tight. Sixteen able seamen gripped the trysail sheet, and, with nothing set now but the little fragment of storm canvas, we fled before it, waiting for a smooth sea. We could see the long slick of the oil up to windward, all ruffled up, but

silently doing its work; and there were few gray-beards in its path. Then came the lull that prevails at intervals in even the strongest gales. Lem Miller threw a last glance to windward. "Now we take der bite mit der apple und swallow it," he said; and then, "Down mit your hellum, now, boys, quick. Aft mit der trysail sheet there, fellows. In mit him, now. Dot's der way. Haul him in hand over—Herr Gott, where dot sea come from? Everybody hold fast."

The Ailsa was swinging up to the wind like a dog-vane and had come halfway up when the whole of our weather view suddenly vanished behind the bulk of the huge breaker we had noticed a while before and were supposed to have cleared. Nobody said a word except one man, who yelled: "What the hell!" probably without knowing it. Indeed, there was but a second of time separating the roller and the yacht, and yet every detail stood out to the eye as though posing for an artist, with all day for the picture. The men glared up at the grim crest through its own spume that now whirled over us; and as we watched, the crest curled, and forty feet above our heads there burst the vast thunder of the breaking sea. In the second's fraction that still remained there was yet time for the Ailsa to head

the wind and sea, for she was spinning up to the gale like a gull and would top this breaker if she did. If she did not come to, we had taken our last view of boats, gear and men, for nothing could live on deck in fifty tons of solid ocean. That this journal was ever finished is evidence that she did. A heavy gust at the last moment, we feared, had about ended the thing, for we were right beneath the crest and long plumes of spray, like powdered snow, streamed over us, when the yacht with a sudden lucky kick-up of her quarters brought her bows to windward and they vanished in that amazing hell. Up toward the zenith they reared, and the froth covered the Ailsa like a snow crust and blinded our vision, so that it was only the deep, souging drop into the hollow that told us of the passing of that great wave.

The rest was easy, comfortable work. We made the trysail sheet fast flat aft, left one hand at the wheel lest she come all the way round on the other tack, hung the oil over the weather side, dusted the salt from our eyes and dropped below; for eight bells had just gone and it was dinner time. All that afternoon the Ailsa passed away the time soaring over the combers whose too close acquaintance was foiled by the oil bags;

her feather weight rested on the sea like a swan and nothing but a little flip of spray now and then spattered the decks. It was hard to believe that the same little ship, that a short time ago was scouring through it like a frightened shark, was now the steady craft that breasted the worst seas like a swimmer in the surf—so incredible is the difference between running and lying to. And when a big Hamburg expressman surged by at three o'clock, half a mile away, we seemed to be making better weather of it than the liner. Indeed, she sunk out of sight to her funnels sometimes and went knocking about like a West Coast timber raft, a complete antithesis to our own easy swinging. Still, we presented her with an undoubtedly novel spectacle—a racing machine hove to in mid-ocean—and she appeared to appreciate it, for her rail was crowded with passengers with cameras, waving hats and shawls, and no doubt cheering, though the roar of the gale drowned their most valiant efforts. Their view point of the surface of the Atlantic, too, was not quite the same as ours; the hurricane deck people regarding the stormy waters from an altitude of sixty feet, we from sixty inches. Yet no doubt there were many human beings on the liner who thought themselves better off

than we were; but equally true probably every one of them wished he was ashore and looked forward to the following three or four days of his passage as a horrid phantom to be slaughtered as soon as possible. Whereas, we were at that moment in the seaman's Valhalla, so to speak, laid to in a happy, able, little vessel with plenty of sea-room and good fellowship, the lockers filled with the finest of sea food, and nothing to do but hark to the harrowing yarns of the mates and to the arguments of Cap'n Lem, whose chief desire is to "bet a vager" with some one.

May 27th. Lat. 46.11, long. 30.43. Distance run 162 miles; hourly average 7 miles. Squaresail and trysail. Strong W.S.W. winds. Enormous following sea.

As darkness approached last night the gale eased up a little and at about eight o'clock we set the squaresail and filled away before it again and ran the yacht all night ahead of an immense sea. It is one thing to lie to in the dark hours and get away again at daylight; it is quite another one to lie still all day and get her before it at dusk. However, we made very fine weather of it and shipped no water beyond the usual spray storms; the seas broke less frequently after dark

though they seemed to increase in height and majesty and to lengthen out as though to greet the Polar Star which rises higher in the heavens now each night as we increase the latitude. And a most exhilarating thing it is to watch the sun go down in a Nor'west gale at sea, with a clear sparkle in the air, the stars clean and silvery and the rush of the wind through space, till the lonely grandeur of the Almighty nears to an almost perceptible presence.

We had a gay moment just before our midday meal yesterday. When we turned around in the crest the second time, it appears that all the Artist's painting insignia lay on his bunk, neatly grouped—drawing paper, disintegrating easel, brushes and paints, both oil and water. Then came the great angle of heel, and when we stormed the dinner table we had to guide our feet through a rainbow sea on the passageway floor, more brilliant than the arc in the sky, where liquid color oozed and squirmed over palette and paper; and the wooden floor of the saloon, because of our footsteps, became as a carpet from the looms of Bokhara. Even the gaunt jaws of the son of Albion relaxed in the extremity of the moment, while he presented us with a more than usually variegated banquet,

finally concluding with "Hirish peaches" as he placed four mammoth baked apples before us.

The aneroid is rising markedly, and there is every reason for thinking that some fine weather is ahead of us, when we will be able to liberate the coal oil fumes below by opening the hatches and other ventilators. At the height of the gale yesterday, at noon, we were very nearly two-thirds of the way across the Atlantic, and five days more ought to see us nearly at the line, if indeed not past it.

May 28th. Lat. 47.29, long. 25.06. Distance run 243 miles; hourly average 10 miles. Squaresail and trysail; set mainsail at 8 p. m. Fresh breeze from W.S.W. Sea very high but moderating.

The duration of this heavy sea is a source of ceaseless marvel to us. In the Southern Ocean the Westerlies drive before them the highest seas in the world right around the globe, for there is nothing to obstruct them but a few clusters of rock; and these Westerlies sound their war chant three hundred and sixty-five days in the year down there, except when an occasional Southeaster steals in and upsets the household. But in the North Atlantic, where the whirligig winds live, such steady and heavy rollers as we

ENDYMION



have met in the last four days are quite startling. The Western Ocean is generally spoken of as the only spot on the planet where the gales blow from all four points of the compass simultaneously, and this flagellant treatment, instead of urging old Neptune to the impressive displays that he exhibits in the South, enrages him, and he gets his back up in savage peaks and pyramids that start from nowhere and arrive at the same place, like a sea of geysers. This time though the Atlantic seems to be trying for a record, for we are still swinging away into the East before the big, blue, even ridges, rolling deep in the splutter on top.

At supper last evening there was a half hour of particularly exasperating rolling which overtaxed the oscillating angle of our swinging table several times. The customary gastronomic display staggered us once more as we took our allotted seats, and we had begun the attack with more than usual vigor when there came along a king-roller that lifted us out of our seats and the good things off the table. The Artist, on the weather side of it, was arrested early in his trajectory by the table itself, and I was fortunate in a lucky clutch of its stanchions. The brass swinging lamps clashed against the carlins over-

head with the synchronous destruction of our repast; and in the din of shattered china we turned to greet our host, but lo, he had gone. His revolving chair whirled and spun to the heaving, but he was not in it. Like the holder of the Tarnhelm he had disappeared, even as the chief of the Nibelungs. Conjecture choked us, when up from the remnants of our feast, in an angle of the cabin, rose unexpectedly the face of our leader, the fountain head of all our joys, with battered shin and words of woe. Never mind, though; for he has fashioned out of boards on his big double bed a sort of trough where he rests immovable as the North Pole in any stress of weather. Not infrequently the Master of Light and Shade is cast broadside from his lofty bunk; while across the passageway the soft tones of a sleeper proclaim the peace that passeth belief.

May 29th. Lat. 48.25, long. 20. Distance run 218 miles; average per hour 9 miles. All plain sail. Long Westerly sea; moderate S.W. winds. Passing showers.

An incalculable improvement in the weather greeted us this morning. We actually had dry spots on the deck in places for the first time in a week; and it is a fine thing to get the battens off the hatches and companionway at the end of



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY
WILLIAM II
GERMAN EMPEROR

four days and let the free winds sweep out the kerosene fumes and the weird breaths from the big meat boxes.

From daylight on for several hours we sighted in detail a whole fleet of liners, the passenger pigeons that left the Channel the day before yesterday—Saturday. First came by at half past four a North German Lloyd at full speed, dipping her flag to us; and the roaring of her giant stacks was like the voice of the gale. Then two combination steamers accosted us in scarlet; and the Philadelphia hurried by with a greeting from the starry flag of home. And very big and grand did the liners loom on the horizon doing their twenty-one knots, dipping into the last of the Southwesterly swell—the embers of the storm.

On a voyage of this sort a kind of personal affection for the crew collectively and individually springs up in the heart. There is not one of the eighteen men before the mast but stands out in a way from his fellows, distinguished by some little unpremeditated deed. Olsen showed his grit that day on the bowsprit end when she was jumping into it; Olaf did great work at the mast-head in the squall; Petersen nearly jammed his fingers off in a block, and no one knew it

till an hour afterward when we were all snugged down for the blow. Thus is it—some little act, small in the world but none the less heroic, and mighty important to us, attaches to each one. And around them all hovers the big frame of John Svensen, second mate, first in danger, skilful and powerful, the Hercules of the ship.

May 30th. Lat. 49.20, long. 16.15. Distance run 136 miles; hourly average 5 2-3 miles. All plain sail. Light Westerly winds; smooth sea; dry weather.

This was the finest day of the passage so far, the only perfectly clear and Summery one with a high, steady glass that we have had; and when the steward awakened us this morning with his greeting: "Seven bells, sir, 'arf parst seven; and a fine, salubrious mornin', sir," he told the living truth for once in his wretched life. As the days have passed and we have been swiftly approaching the finish he has uncovered very astonishing powers of sustained monologue, always concluding with a diatribe against some alleged iniquities of the gallant skipper, till an order from the Navigator sends him forward and we can follow his enormous leer far up into the galley. Half the pleasure of a Summer's yachting is ruined by this ceaseless warfare

between the executive and the culinary divisions. No one ever knew a captain and steward who spoke to each other after the second day. Each seems to consider the other's presence on board as an affront. Twenty-five years ago fervid personal attacks sometimes deprived the yacht of these gentlemen's services for considerable periods; but as these bodily strength tests are becoming rarer now, possibly it is an indication that we may anticipate the day when the hatchet or meat axe will be permanently laid aside.

Daylight this morning showed us the three lofty masts of our old friend Utowana, lying an immense saffron cloud three miles on our weather bow; the airs were too light for her during the day, though, and we slowly dropped her as the hours passed. As for the day itself, it might have been picked at random from the Southeast Trades in the Pacific Ocean, where each one is so sunny and invigorating that merely inhaling it is like a puff of hasheesh. It was a fine chance for the Artist to finish up some sketches and this brush compeller delayed him not, but wrought and wrought again, till at dewy eve his vest even gleamed in the sunset like a

cathedral window, a veritable coat of many colors.

May 31st. Lat. 49.30, long. 9.46. Distance run 250 miles; average per hour $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Two-reefed mainsail; fresh Southerly breeze with rain squalls. Sea smooth.

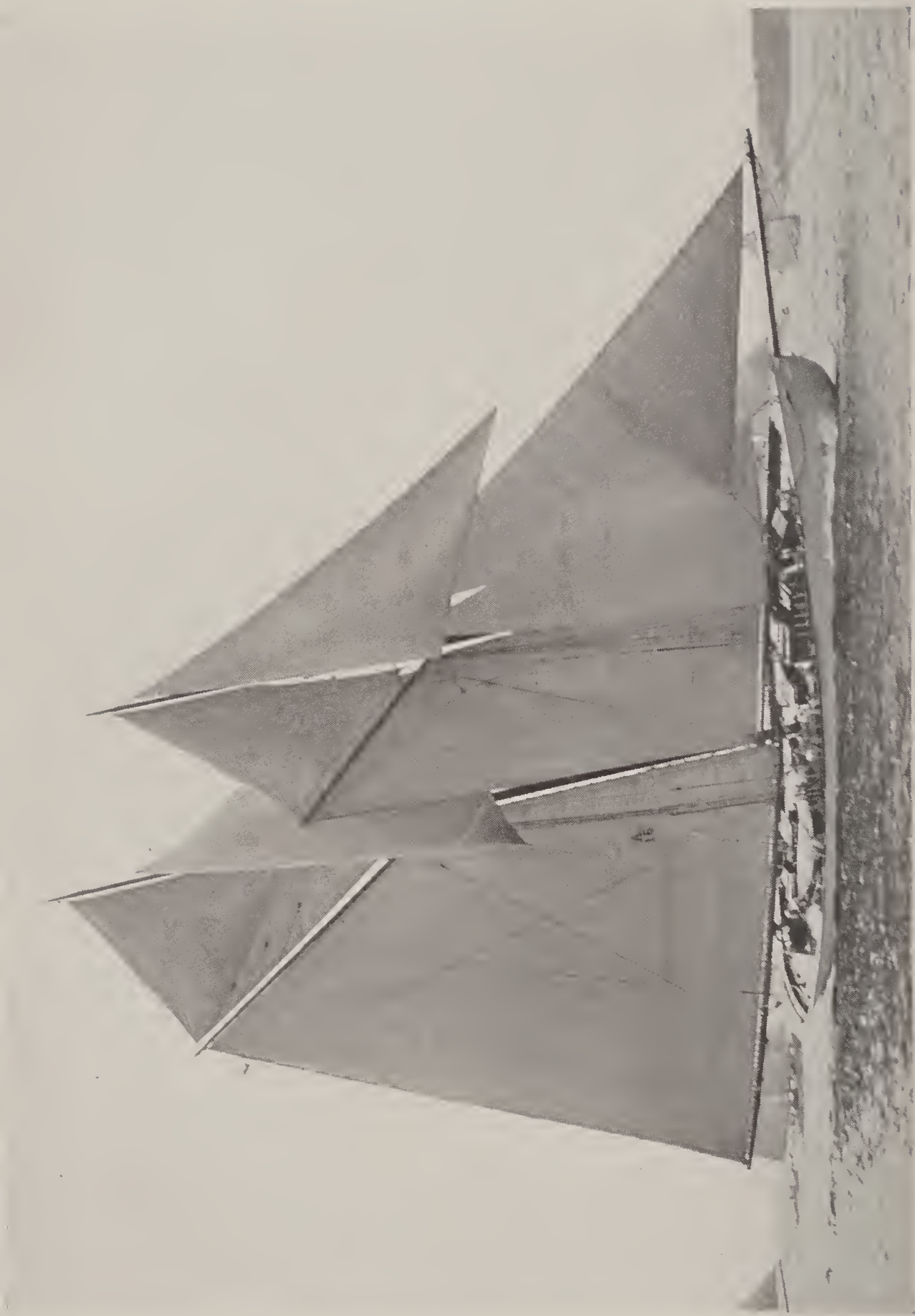
With ordinary conditions this ought to have been our final day at sea. Only one hundred and twenty-five miles separated us from Bishop Rock in the Scillies at noon, and as the Lizard is only fifty miles beyond, we ought to cross the line some time early to-morrow. Since daybreak a strong Southerly wind has driven us along on a broad reach sometimes at better than twelve knots, though we had to tie a couple of reefs in the mainsail after noon, and the spray flew as in the ancient days, though there was no swell. Very gallant have the winds been to us, too, never once heading us since the first four hours of the passage, so that throughout the race we have had an almost constant fair wind; once or twice we have been jammed as close as we could get, but there has not been a moment when we could not lay our course; and this course, by the compass, is still East by South. Three thousand miles away we set the ship's head in this direction and we still hold it. The English Channel bears

from Sandy Hook about Northeast true; but the Westerly variation, which greatly increases as the longitude decreases in the North Atlantic, arranges it so that the compass course of East by South takes the navigator from New York into the Channel; in short, that he may reach his destination he steers several points away from it.

The Utowana closed in on us again during the night and for hours to-day in the fresh breeze we tore along boat for boat, neither of us able to outfoot the other, though the big three-master lugged all her topsails while we had to shorten down to double reefs. The one single, all-per-vading thought that imbues the mind of every one of us, is the momentous one: "Where are we in the race?" We know we are not last and we have no reason to think we are first; for some of the big fellows, indeed probably all the other boats in the race, ran through the heavy weather on the twenty-sixth. So would we in spite of our few feet of length if we were of any other shape known to naval science; but to expect a little boat with no forefoot, with the mast nearly in the middle of her and a hundred and sixty thousand pounds of lead soldered on to the very edge of what little keel she has, to run when the

weather. is bad is a very unreasonable thing. Several of the yachts must have passed us, therefore, during the eight hours that we lay head to the sea, and a position somewhere near the middle of the fleet will be as exalted a one as we will probably get.

Be this as it may, there is not a man in our little ship who is not sorry that the race is so nearly over, at least among us aft. A jolly, healthy, wonderful fortnight has it been, with not a minute of illness of any sort nor any but the most trivial accidents. That some hapless seaman did not slide over the low ten-inch rail in some of the *pas seuls* that Ailsa invented from time to time, is the most astonishing fact of the passage. We have known her to sit right down comfortably and take a good, long observation of the heavenly bodies, and to exhibit in the tick of a watch an equal interest in the depths below. Perhaps the very quickness of it all fended off disaster, like snapping a napkin from under a goblet on the table. Anyhow, we are all on board who stepped over the side in the Lower Bay, full of heartiness and respect for the North Atlantic and a rising regret that the morning light will show us the goal.



HILDEGARDE

June 1st. "White light right ahead, sir." So spake Olaf, the man with the telescope eyes, at nine-thirty last evening, the words dropping faint to the deck through the gusty dark. "Bishop Rock," said Cap'n Lem, with a perfect ogre's grin, "and just where I wanted to make it." Indeed it was pretty nice navigation this; and it is the ultimate moment of satisfaction to the master mariner when, after thousands of stormy miles, he raises his landmark out of the trackless ocean.

And because of this brilliant beacon the three of us did not get over-much sleep last night; and when the Briton called us this morning at half past three with the shibboleth, "Gawd's country," three shivering men stood on deck in pajamas overpowered by the grandeur of the moment. Astern lay the open wastes of the Atlantic, misty-gray in the background, with a great three-mast yacht in the foreground flying through the sea just astern of a white yawl. Ahead, the world's greatest highway, the English Channel, covered with the ochre sails of fishermen, framed in banks of glowing mist. And on the port hand, the wild coast of Cornwall; and the Lizard tower, an outcast on the rocks, a whetstone for the Winter storms, whisking its silent message into

the red dawn. Down the wind we flew for the finish, Utowana and Ailsa, tearing the waters of the Channel into sudgy yeast, with Lloyd's flags on the crags asking: "What vessel is that?" Brighter and rosier grew the dawn and every five minutes saw us a mile nearer the finish line, with that smooth, black hull and slanting spire of canvas like a hound astern of us, but resistlessly crawling up foot by foot in the strong wind. All the men of the ship's company, save Lem Miller and the mighty Svensen, stood clustered at the mast gazing at the brown rocks crowned with the flashing light, that we had battled for so long and hard. Perhaps—for, who could say?—we were the first of the fleet to greet the solemn headland, and our hearts quickened as we closed on the goal line. What if the little hundred-and-twenty-tonner had after all run away from her ponderous rivals and had captured the silver trophy! Perhaps some of the big fellows had been dismasted in the breeze a week ago; the unexpected happens at sea if nowhere else on the earth. But there was an ominous absence of committee and press boats to meet us at the finish, though to be sure we might have caught them napping by our fast

passage; and some of the fishermen that lay in our track ahead would be able to settle the thing out of hand.

There was not even the suggestion of a little side bet; the moment was all too solemn and austere. Even Cap'n Lem's unquenchable desire to "bet a vager" vanished in the stress of emotion. We were right on top of the line now, with Utowana within half a mile of us; and as the fires in the sky deepened and burned, the sun threw a patch of crinkled gold over the waves beyond the bowsprit and we roared across the finish fourteen days and eleven hours from Sandy Hook.

After passing the line we did not clew up anything, for we were bound to Southampton, but we luffed up toward a Penzance trawler just ahead, to hear our doom. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" yelled the men of nets and traps. "Are we first?" shouted the leather-voiced Lem. "The Atlantic finished two days ago and a ship came in third," was the bomb fired by the fishermen. The devastation of this statement was lost to the masters of hook and line, for another shell burst with prostrating effect: "You're about seventh or eighth."

And then three stricken forms might have been perceived creeping with pain around the dories and vanishing one by one into the dusky square of the companion hatchway.

HELIGOLAND RACE

CHAPTER II

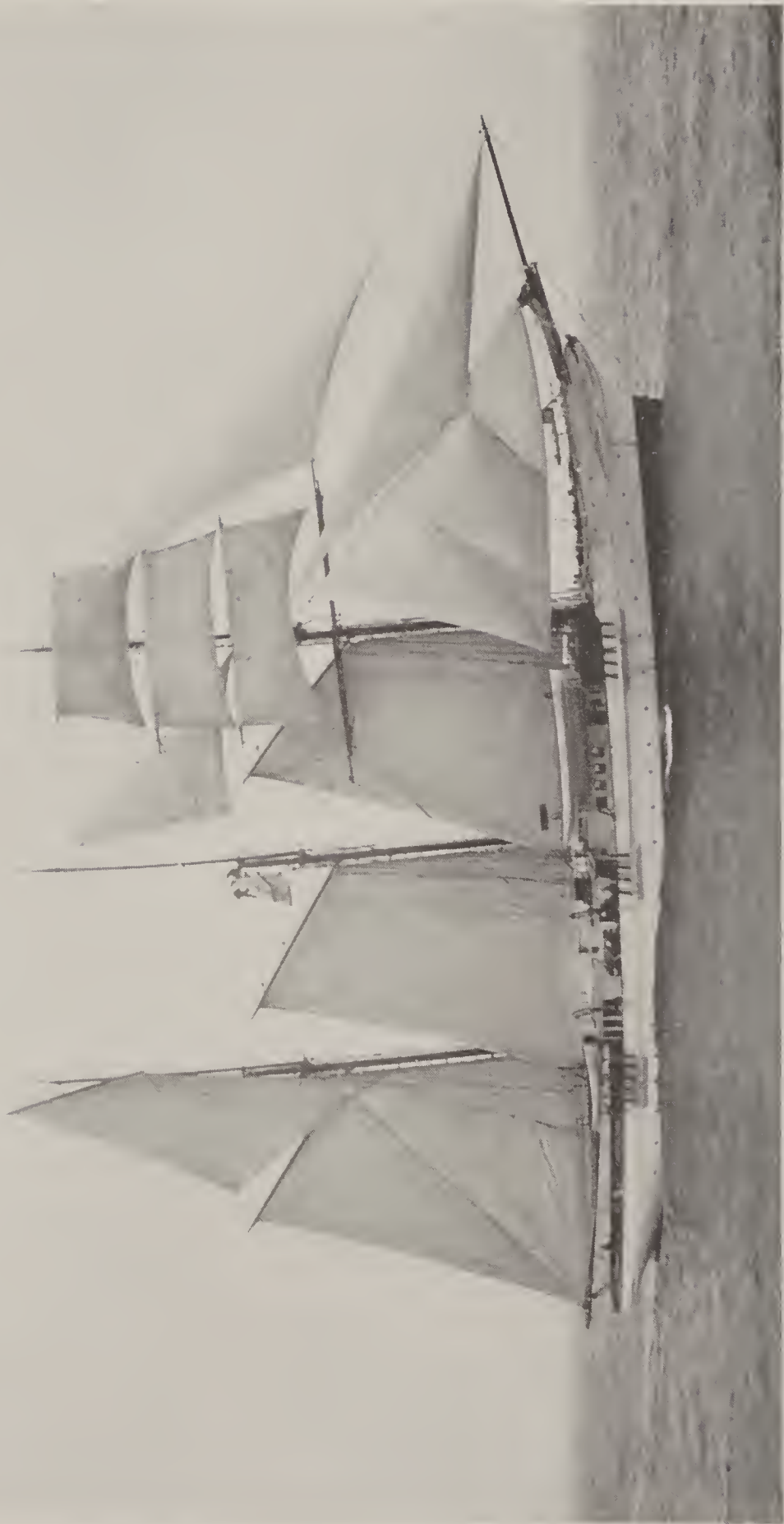
HELIGOLAND RACE

ON a gusty, rainy morning, twenty-four hours after Ailsa passed the finish line at the Lizard in the Kaiser's Atlantic race, we sailed up Southampton Water to refit, assisted by a little iron tug, and received the cheers and greetings of six of the seven contestants that had finished ahead of us. No one on the other racers was any too sanguine that we had weathered the gale of May 26th; and when Ailsa was made out by the rest of the fleet lying at anchor at day-break in the Solent, there was general astonishment and many deep-sea felicitations. Throughout the heavy weather the other racers had kept well in mind the ninety-foot fin-keeler, for the bulb fin was an unknown quantity in a Western Ocean race.

The first of the fleet to make us out sailing up Southampton Water was the bluff old Hildgarde. She was lying out abreast of the Netley Hospital and a sailor aloft on her foremast head picked us up. He hailed the deck, and by the

time we had got abreast of her, all hands had lined up along her starboard rail; caps and yells filled the air till we had passed by and edged up on Endymion, who repeated the honor. Finally we anchored well up in the harbor alongside the Sunbeam, whose white broadsides showed but little hard usage of the sea in the three-thousand-mile struggle. Lord Brassey, the Sunbeam's owner, pulled aboard of us as soon as we had let go and extended his congratulations that every one who had left America in the Ailsa was still on the earth's surface, and drank our health with a rare and delightful courtesy; for no one has the elegance of manner comparable with the old gentlemen of the sea. The contemplation and much usage of the solitudes of the ocean breed an urbanity as unique as it is antique, for twenty-three knots grinds off the polish from the most gracious of souls. One can all but fancy the saintly Emerson stripped of his serenity amid twenty-five thousand tons of lunging, roaring steel, racing through the Atlantic with forty thousand horsepower loose in the boilers.

Lord Brassey promoted the opinion that crossing in the Ailsa was premeditated suicide, or something very like it. In fairness to our little ship, though, we differed with him, and showed



SUNBEAM

him every man of the crew as hale and able as when he signed for the voyage a thousand leagues ago. Not all the racers could say as much, for at least one of them finished with some rib-fractured seamen among the ship's company.

Shortly afterward we returned Lord Brassey's visit and had the privilege of looking over the most renowned and historic cruising yacht in the world. She is built like an old-time ship-of-the-line, massive and apparently indestructible, for she shows no markings of the four decades that have passed since her launching. Her decks are of thick, wide teak planks like a frigate's, the houses square and heavy, with windows instead of round port holes, filled with blocks of glass like glare ice. Below, this remarkable vessel, that has covered more than three hundred thousand miles of ocean, resembles more a museum of archæology than the interior of a yacht. Souvenirs from the monarchs of East and West fill the cabins and saloon; and though the day was heavy with rain clouds, the big skylights flooded the ship with brightness. Lord Brassey indicated the various priceless objects with pardonable satisfaction: "That sideboard was given to Lady Brassey twenty-five years ago by the Raja of Sarawak," pointing to a huge

monument of teak. "Those doors of sandal-wood were presented by the Sultan of Perak, and the flock of ivory elephants by the Sultan of Johore." So all over the boat. In any other vessel, all the ornaments and carved settees would have been unbearable; but they seemed to be a vital part of the Sunbeam's personality, inseparable from and a part of her long and honorable history. Innumerable little carved objects, each with an incident attached, were invisibly secured to mantelpiece and sideboard, yet nothing looked overdone nor out of the way; while a sea-coal fire smouldered in the cabin grate to complete the picture of domestic felicity.

After the venerable yachtsman had apparently exhausted all the Sunbeam's splendors, he opened the door of a very modest little cabin and said: "And here Tennyson lived for days together when he used to come off with me for a run down into the Mediterranean." And, turning the handle, he uncovered an even more humble apartment: "Here was dear old Gladstone's room, and there are some of his books that he left on board on his last visit." It was with visible feeling that Lord Brassey mentioned the name of the great Prime Minister; and it was evident that something more stable than ordinary friendship ex-

isted between them. All told, the visit to the Sunbeam proved to be a remarkable incident; and not the least attractive part of it was the personality of the Dean of the Deep Sea Yachtsmen.

Dover, June 14th to 16th. On board the Ailsa once more, with nearly a month of joy ahead of us, after a fortnight of refitting. We reached Southampton to join the yacht again on the afternoon of the fourteenth and found her in brilliant raiment from water-line to burgee. In her glistening topsides it was hard to recognize the grimy craft that sailed up the English Channel two weeks ago; sand and holystone had served their end on deck and the metal and bright work caught the sun's rays fore and aft. A great-souled friend of ours, owner of a large steam yacht, offered to tow us up from Southampton to Dover, and we stopped over one night at Cowes for a look at the Royal Yacht Squadron and to marvel at men sailing races among the rips and eddies of the Solent courses. Simplicity reduced almost to severity hovers all about the Squadron Castle; indeed it is difficult to realize that this unaffected edifice with the shining lawn houses so haughty and distinguished a society. On every side were heard expressions of wonderment that Ailsa should have entered so boisterous

a contest, opposed as she was to heavy-weather vessels many times her tonnage.

At noon on the fifteenth, the steam yacht cast off our hawser inside the Dover breakwater and we let go half a mile from the shingle beach under a glittering sun that necessitated an awning on deck. Eight people sat down at meat that day in the renascent saloon. Unutterable change. Two weeks ago, bare, rough planks beneath the table; three tons of canvas crowding one side of the room; huge, thick glass receivers under the dead lights to catch the drip; charts, dividers, parallel rulers; yawning meat box. Now, heavy velvet carpets, cretonne curtains, silver and glass shining on a padded table. After lunch we put ourselves in the gig and later in a couple of landaus and were hauled up to Dover Castle by some singularly unpleasant steeds, whose notions and desires in life were as much unlike ours as they could possibly be. Finally, most of us had to walk up part of the way; but by power of perseverance we scaled the cliffs at last, with the compensation of gazing upon the most famous of all salt water highways from this lofty eminence. With ever-rising wonder we looked over the Dover Straits from Cæsar's Tower, five hundred feet above the whirling tide; the

French coast rode high in the bright yellow haze and the steamers of the world tramped North and South along the narrow pathway. Nineteen centuries ago, Julius Cæsar had meditated from this exalted prospect and watched his tide-borne galleys move out from Gallia's shores.

In these days of disgrace though, the shining chalk walls of Dover and the rocky spaces are rent with nitrogelatine; and little tram cars, like Jurassic beetles bearing their plunder, zigzag up the heights. Paddle steamers of heroic build come darting in from France and Belgium every hour or so; and far away down in the basin the Ailsa, like an almond shell, dipped her head to their rolling wash. An altogether surpassing site, this; and when the carriage wheels were locked for the downward slide, a feeling as of a lost paradise filled the mind as the French littoral retired into the sea.

Dover, June 17th. Most yachtsmen know what the feeling is when they put their heads out of the companion slide on the morning of the Astor cups at Newport, and there isn't a whisper of wind, with the voices of the gold-plated mariners cursing the weather, on the invisible yachts a few yards away. That is precisely what we had at Dover at the start of the Heligoland

race, with the additional delights of a heavy rain. The fog was not quite so brutal as the Newport affair ; but still the coastline went out at a quarter of a mile, and until half past eleven a naked match would burn anywhere on deck. At that hour we learned for the first time what a real Channel rainfall is like ; but as it brought a bit of a breeze, we didn't care much about the dampness thereof. There were more than a dozen yachts entered for the three-hundred-and-twenty-mile race, auxiliary and otherwise, divided into the two respective classes, with a handicap in each class.

Seldom has such work been seen as we all made of the start. There was a terrific current setting through the Straits of Dover and hardly wind enough to fill a flying jib ; and as all the yachts got under way together from the anchorage, we looked like a flock of Pekin ducks in a pond. Within the huge breakwater, the harbor lay still and black as a cistern. There wasn't a ruffle on the surface, the upper canvas doing all the work as we knocked about waiting for the preparatory gun ; and the energies of every skipper were fixed on keeping his boat inside the pier ends out of the tide, and at the same time clear of the other racers fanning about on all sides.

Now and then loomed a big ninety-footer on the wind, a blur in the mist, bound up the Strait stern first on the current, skimming along like a banshee on an Irish bog; and there was nothing seen of her for a quarter of an hour or more.

At noon we thought we heard the preparatory gun. We knew that somewhere out in the Dover Straits there lay a steam yacht anchored at the outer end of the starting line, at the other limit of it swinging the new Pier Works lightship; and that it was the yacht's duty to fire off the starting guns. But we had suffered all the morning from the cliff blasting, dreading this moment of the start. Every time that a blast was touched off close to twelve o'clock, the ship was divided against itself. "Was that explosion really the start?" "Yes," said the skipper. "No," said the extra sailing master we had shipped for the Kiel week. Thus passed the minutes till we all but reached the point of personal violence, when there came the muffled crack that all agreed must be the start. So we let her go off for the line. We had just lost every landmark in the mist and were steering for the steam yacht by the compass when another dull explosion went off. So the question was, Had the starting gun been fired at all? We finally decided that it had not, and

made ready the kedge and dropped it overboard. The Ailsa brought up with a jolt at the end of the scope and we rode there in the celestial waterfalls and the fog and the spinning tide till the kedge line had enough of it and parted. Then we got the headsails on her again, threw a final execration at the steam yacht and started away hot-foot up the Straits, past the Goodwin Sands—the “Good’ns” of deadly memory. Afterwards we learned that the first report we heard was really the start; and if we had not anchored in the confusion and lost a whole golden hour, we wouldn’t have been obliged to commence the race like a lonely phantom in the tide whirlabouts.

The rest of the day was foul and soggy and the current furnished most of the motive power. The jibs hung slack all the afternoon till five o’clock when an Easterly breeze came hopping along the sea and we filled away up the German Ocean at ten knots.

Kiel, June 19th. Before we turned out yesterday morning, the day after the start, we knew by the rustle of the sea as it flew past our berths, only a few inches from our heads, that the Ailsa was moving fast through the water; and we were also aware by the very slight inclination of the



FLEUR-DE-LYS

vessel that the wind was astern of us. A personal observation showed the weather to be even finer than the prognosis, for the sky was as clear as a mirror, the North Sea—the most waspish of waters—as placid as a pond, while a fifteen-mile breeze was turning up little flips of white on the surface. Below, if you omitted the angle of heel, you might have been in a drawing room ashore; the yacht's interior suggested it, and she passed through the sea as steady as a steeple. As the day matured, the breeze freshened to a twenty-five-mile gait from the Sou'west, and by noon we were doing all of thirteen knots under the club topsail, with the lee waterways at least a foot under the surface. In a ninety-footer this means quite a big heel; and the sailormen, eighteen of them, lay dovetailed along under the weather rail offering odds as to the topmast's final moment of collapse—it was arched like a yew under the big sail—and we had all surrendered body and spirit to the fables of the breeze, when the vigilant skipper sighted the Haaks lightship, ahead and to windward. "Main sheet" rang out as we threw her up in the wind and got the sheets flattened in, for the perfidious currents off the Dutch coast had set us in toward the Schevening beach; and in another few minutes our speed

would have been conspicuously reduced by the bars and shoals that make out from the invisible shore, fifteen or twenty miles away. Even from the lightship the flat coast is often not to be seen, and mariners shun and fear the place as do our navigators the arrangements off Nantucket.

At about one o'clock we made a jibe around the lightship; and then the moment had arrived for the unmasking of the secret, for the unmuffling of the mystery. For twenty-four hours, on the cabin table, there had lain a packet of consuming interest to us—a thick manila envelope within whose sealed covers were written the figures of our handicap. The conditions of the race sent us to sea under sealed orders, as it were, which forbade the opening of the wrapper till each boat had passed the Haaks lightship, the half-way house to Heligoland. Malicious minds have it that this disposition blocks the possibility of learning the handicaps at the start and thereby marring the race by the withdrawal of querulous owners. But this may be discarded as an item in the fixed project of certain people to discredit the system and management of the German race committee.

As soon as we got the yacht straightened out after the Haaks' jibe (when it seemed as though

the boat were about to split open lengthwise, like a broiled chicken), the boldest of us ran his knife under the flap of the envelope, plucked out the card, and we read our doom. Had we numbered among us any feeble minds, a catastrophe had fallen here; for while the Navahoe allowed us fifteen minutes, we in turn had to grant about six hours to one of the other racers, which, under the conditions, it was improbable that the Ailsa could do. About this time, too, we began to overhaul and pass some of our competitors that had been industriously sailing the race while we lay at anchor between the French and English coasts. We can't tell how much earlier they got the breeze up along by the Goodwins than we did—perhaps three or four hours, so that they had a depressing lead before we had actually started. But as the blame for it could be traced to no man's door, there was nothing to do but think how much worse it might have been and draw what comfort we could from the thought. It is a fine thing though to come up overhand on a rival, going off large before a quartering wind, with every thread of canvas spread and leaving a wake like a highroad to the horizon.

But if this day was fine, the night was a perfect work of magic. Away up here the daylight

lasts a long while and the breeze never shifted its course nor its force all the way to the finish line. And at last when the twilight expired in the Nor'west, the full moon took charge of the deck and stood the midwatch high up in the dark of the sky. The dew on the bright work on deck turned to quicksilver and the wind-filled sails gave no sound. Only the sea tinkled under the bows. A hundred and fifty feet above the deck you could follow the sharp, white edge of the club topsail against the stars; while astern of us and five miles away, with the moon-blink on her canvas, lay one of the contestants we had passed—a jewel on the dark horizon. Every fifteen minutes our glasses swept the sky-line and showed but one yacht ahead of us, the Navahoe, a ninety-foot yawl like Ailsa. And as we looked, a flicker of light danced for an instant on the Northern horizon like an aurora glimmer. A few seconds, and again the dull flare passed by; and then we knew that the goal line lay just over the curve, for this was the famous Heligoland flash light, probably thirty miles away. We were doing at least ten knots though, and at a little past midnight we raised the light above the horizon when it flashed. But at one o'clock—one in the morning—a startling thing happened up in

the Northeast. The heavens were changing color, coming out of the black like a conjurer's trick. 'Twas the banners of the morn unfolding over the ancient Northern land. Then the red flood wheeled farther up the sky, the sea rolled out gray to the horizon and the electric flashes ahead went dim. A flat polygon of dun rock grew before us like a lantern slide, and Heligoland mounted and sat upon the sea, winking his waning eye. With the break of day came the freshening dawn wind, and we roared along for the finish, Ailsa and Navahoe, like a pair of frigate birds, with a German cruiser at the line and a brood of destroyers fluttering about her. It was half past one now, the stars had gone out, the gold clouds signalled the scaling sun; and with the sheets as hard as iron tubes, the fine little ship covering the miles each in five minutes, cut the finish line about one thirty-five, to the crack of the cruiser's gun.

As soon as we had taken the time, we luffed up and got the mainboom inboard and watched the club topsail leeches shivering in the cold wind as though afraid to come down when the hal-yards had been cast off. Then the destroyers untangled themselves and one steamed over and asked us if we would like a tow through

the Kiel Canal. Here was veritably a distinction—to be hauled into the Baltic Sea by a vessel of the Imperial Navy; and by the time that our imaginations and fancies had cooled off, the vigorous little steel cylinder had seized our tow line and headed us for Brunsbüttle, at the Southerly end of the canal. At nine in the morning we passed into the entrance lock, a chamber of heavy masonry, where we remained while the skipper communed with the authorities, and then we started through. To one whose previous ideas of a canal were confined to an acquaintance with the Suez, no artificial water highroad could offer a greater contrast. In the big African passageway, the blinding desert, walled in with purple mountains quaking in the heat, overpowers the traveller; and he has but time to note the creeping gait of the steamer and the ripples washing the ragged banks of the canal, and delights to reach once more the punkah breezes in the saloon.

But the North Sea Canal is built like the stone waterways in an English nobleman's park. The clipped grassy banks, green in the Summer showers, fall evenly down to the water-line, which is paved with heavy granite cubes to withstand the wash of steamers. Up and over

the banks the traveller gazes on miles of generous meadow, green as far as the eye may reach, the pasture fields for thousands of Holstein cattle, piebald and glossy. The tumbling windmills grind away the hours in the brilliant air and the calling of the birds sounds along the meadows. An unclouded sun animates all these pleasant scenes, and the craft of many nations glide Southward to the North Sea ports. Two immense, inspiring bridges unite the banks of this amazing canal, the guiding motto of whose engineers must have been solidity, and of the incumbent manager, cleanliness. Alice herself never passed through a more wonderful day than falls to the yachtsman in the Kiel Canal; and it serves to stimulate his fancies for the Kiel week to follow.

At four in the afternoon we sighted the masonry tower that marks the Baltic entrance to the canal and shortly afterward passed out of it and entered Kiel harbor, and stole up to the big iron buoy with "Ailsa" in white paint on the sides and passed our hawser through its swiveled ring-bolt.

Kiel, June 21st. We had heard a good deal about the Kiel festival before we arrived, but the actual proof was one of those rare experiences when the reality exceeds the anticipation. Kiel

harbor strikes the visitor at once in its resemblance to New London; though that grim old whaling town even in the convulsions of the yacht club cruise never exhibited such magnificence as Kiel during its ten days of yacht racing; though to the mindful observer the racing, admirable as it is, dwindles away in the presence of the other more interesting human features that captivate the visitor. The very climate itself is different from anything that we know. It is our large way to brag of our exhilarating climate, its vigor, its clarity, its alchemy whereby, in a few months, we rebuild the Italian and the Slav into fascinating Yankees. But man doesn't know what real electric air is like till he breathes it in the Baltic ports in Summer. The blood capers in the veins, the cheek reddens like the apples of the country, the eye sparkles and one long howl of "food" rises from the inner elements. The desire for sleep vanishes almost entirely; one feels as fresh and keen as a hawk on four or five hours of rest a day, and there is something happening almost every minute of the time. The sun doesn't set till nine or later and at eleven large print can still be read on deck. In the Northern sky the red gauze lasts all night.



We were the first of the racing fleet to arrive at Kiel and we had three or four days for observation before the Emperor was due and touched the button that should start up the energies of sport and pleasure. Thirty-five war-ships lay swinging to their moorings in the sombre waters of Kiel harbor, manned by nineteen thousand men, the most powerful and aggressive fleet we have ever seen massed together. Their ferocious gray hulls and tall stacks held the eye against the grassy hills—engines of vengeance amid the calm of Nature. There is never a sound from the big concourse, at least we haven't heard any yet. It is like the hidden force of a whirling, silent fly-wheel, in whose noiseless flight we recognize the imprisoned power. Launches dart out from the gangways, countless signals flutter in the breeze, electric lamps spell their messages at night; and still that curious silence. A hundred men drill on a first-class battleship hard by, and we never hear a sound. There are no bells, no calls, no whistles day after day—nothing but the magic stillness. Forty liberty men pass within ten feet in a huge launch dumb as grave-stones; nothing audible but the flutter of the screw. We are wondering how long this is

going to last, or whether this silence is always distinctive of the German Navy.

Our earliest introduction to the wonderful thoroughness with which matters are arranged here at Kiel was the fact that every American yacht is provided with a conspicuously lettered buoy to which she made fast upon her arrival. Quite a chain of these big iron cylinders stretched East and West in front of the Bellevue Brücke, midway between the canal entrance and the town. Here we were entirely severed from the confusion of the great landing floats farther up the harbor. We found that the Ailsa's buoy lay between the Endymion's and Hildegarde's, the fourth and fifth boats in the Atlantic race, about a hundred yards apart, or with just swinging room. Abreast of us and a quarter of a mile or so distant rose a rugged hill about level with our truck and overhanging the water; forest trees all but smothered a pleasant little hotel and band stand, where in the afternoons a splendid band sent out the folk and student songs over the harbor. They often gave us a good deal better music than this, too; for German bands and hotel orchestras do not pin their popularity to anæmic tunes and washy two-steps. For instance, even in New York we scarcely ever hear anything of

Weber's; but here, transcriptions of Euryanthe and Freischütz are heard everywhere as well as Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies, while Schubert's marches and the Military Polonaise of Chopin round out programmes which with us would be filled with the lean and stringy Debutante's Delight and other wonder works.

Up the harbor about ten o'clock the Kaiserlicher Yacht Club and the gardens of the Seebadeanstalt Hotel burst into flame with a thousand electric lamps, and we could see the mass of the people rolling and swelling and catch the rich trumpet tones of the flagship band under the trees. The very first evening we arrived we were unable to resist the allurements of the brilliant scenes, with the harbor surface writhing in the reflected lights. So we ordered out the gig and pulled up through the fleet and the 19,000 mutes and landed at the Kaiserlicher float and mixed with the jolliest and most admirable crowd afforded by any country—the multitude of the German people. The very essence of contentment abides with them like a genius, the china pipes of the men sprouting from their flaxen beards, both sexes displaying a startling capacity for a certain amber fluid. All around, the waterfront boulevard shimmered in the uniforms of

government officers whose braid and buttons flashed under the arc lamps as they shouldered a path through the throng.

Now and then when we first landed, some petty officer froze at our advance, with a broad, brown palm stuck to his cap in a cast-iron salute. This we always graciously returned till we discovered later on that an exalted person was just behind—a captain or an admiral, or some one equally inaccessible. In Germany a uniform commands instant respect, so that a man in yachting vestments upon entering a shop has a powerful advantage over the common or garden civilian. What an agitation seized the shopkeepers when they saw us coming, for they seemed to know us in a short while, or else they recognized us as helpless aliens. The only German we know is “So” and “Sehr Schön.” Now anyone can go a long ways in German friendly conversation on these three words, for “Sehr Schön” is adaptable to many shadings, while the possibilities of “So” are inexhaustible; and if one is artful he can carry out the bluff quite a distance. Still, it will not buy a hat nor a tie; and when the shopkeepers insist on a spotted shirt that opens in the back instead of a white one opening in front, all one’s dexterity won’t save him; and when he has used

up all his available gestures, there he stands, with the clerks huddled around him, just where the thing began. Anyone can smash the fable that English will take one anywhere in Europe, in less than five minutes, in any store at Kiel.

As the hours passed into days the harbor began to fill up with yachts for the Kiel week, so that by noon on the day of the Kaiser's arrival the anchorage looked somewhat like Newport with the yacht squadron; although it actually obscured anything of the kind ever seen in the world. We in New York have often wondered at a couple of hundred yachts gathered together in one port on the annual cruise. But we have never looked on a fleet of nearly two score war-ships manned by a thousand score of men lying at anchor with the yachtsmen, their steam launches as thick as bees in the buckwheat and filled with sparkling officers. Yet this was the manner of Kiel harbor on the twenty-first of June. The day had been a warm and clear one and there seemed to be an excitement on the men-of-war in spite of their sepulchral silence. The still, black water turned to milk with the flying launches, and at four in the afternoon all hands dressed ship—a tumbling mass of flags like a host of giant butterflies. The sun was sinking into the Danish

coast across the bay and we were making an end of a late dinner when the sailing master put his head into the companionway and said: "The Emperor is coming." Dessert was forgotten in the scramble for the deck and as we looked over the taffrail, a great white vessel started across the sunset, a golden banner at each masthead. Slowly the Imperial yacht flowed out of the canal and turned eight points to starboard up into the harbor as the first guns of the salute crashed out on the nearest battleship. A shouting throng covered the canal banks; but as the Hohenzollern passed up beyond, a dead calm fell as she swept by mirrored in the patent leather in which she swam, till the nearest war-ship was abeam. Then a shout for the Emperor on the bridge jarred the air, the Naval cheer of Germany, while the sunset colors streamed up to the zenith over the glittering vessel. Presently the second war-ship was passed, and again that short staccato yell like the "Brek-ek-ek-ex" of Aristophanes pierced the thunder of the guns; and we could follow that lofty white hull gliding far up into the anchorage, with the gold flags at the truck, till the harbor itself went out in a fog of smoke from the batteries. And then the roar of the multitudes died away on shore, the sun dipped

beyond the loom of Denmark, the twilight breeze drove off the stinging smoke clouds and the fleet blazed up in profile as ten thousand lamps responded to the electric key. The majesty of it all crushed the senses like a sudden view of Kinchinjunga; and all night long the mysterious messages winked at the mastheads in a language of color all their own, a foreign tongue in red, blue and green, a voiceless language spoken only in the dark.

KIEL WEEK

CHAPTER III

KIEL WEEK

KIEL, June 22d. Velasquez and Wagner touched nothing that they did not adorn. Nor do the Teuton people. Science, letters, music, philosophy, the very life problems yield to their searching gaze; for to the genius of the few they add the unwearied searchings of the many. So in their few years of yachting. A decade ago, who ever heard of a German fin keel racer, or a racing yacht of any kind? Now, you may see them by the score at Kiel, and the German designer may yet overhaul his foreign rivals. That is, if he wants to. Everything that the German undertakes he seems to carry to a victorious finish. He is like the ant—he overcomes by sheer force of industry. The German is not by nature a sportsman. He is far too preoccupied with the serious ends of life. His recreations consist of chess and other formidable pastimes. But in spite of this, he has, by simple power of purpose, established in the third of a generation one of the greatest

yachting centers in the world; and, according to the British themselves, he has annihilated the famous Clyde racing week. So, when the Germans decided in their inflexible way that they would play a hand or two in the game of yachts, they did not select a course distinguished for its squalls and currents, but they laid off a ten-mile triangle on a stretch of water practically without tidal movement so far as currents go, and as sheltered from the open rage of the Baltic as Buzzards Bay is from the Atlantic Ocean. Here in Kiel Bay they hold their big regattas in a land-wrapped basin, where the daily Sou'west breezes are almost too fresh for a club topsail.

We had our first race to-day and from now on we will race on alternate days for nearly a fortnight. There were thirty or forty entries, big and small, including four ninety-foot yawls. These were the Navahoe, now owned by a German; the Orion, ex Meteor, designed by Watson for the Kaiser, but now owned and always steered by Prince Henry; the Komet, ex Thistle, of the old Volunteer days, and ourselves. This makes a wonderfully fine class by itself—indeed, something that no other yachting center could boast—four nineties in three races a week. Sycamore, of Shamrock fame, steered the Navahoe to victory

in to-day's race, proving that he has parted with none of his old-time skill and tricks. Besides the big yawl class there are a great many schooner entries, the most interesting of which is the Hamburg, ex Rainbow, that finished second in the ocean race. She is a Watson boat and no sailor who ever put his eye on her once will ever forget the handsomest yacht's hull that ever slipped off the ways. She never heaves in view that people do not follow her out of sight with admiring gaze. Off the wind she sails like a wraith in both light airs and strong ones; and if one or two rumors are to be credited, she should have made a better showing than she did in the ocean race—should have been closer up to the Atlantic at the finish. One of these was to the effect that one day, in fine weather, one of the other racers, a heavy-weather boat, sailing along in a moderate breeze under every kite she could hoist, overhauled one of her competitors, that proved to be the Hamburg, idling along under the lower sails. When she found that the stranger astern was coming up under her muslin pyramid, she clapped on her Summer finery and easily scooted ahead out of sight. If this story can be verified it shows that the German yachtsmen, undeveloped as yet, have not learned that a

yachting victory is won only by driving as ceaseless as the piston-plunges in a liner. A few minutes lost here and there during the day by crooked steering or by not heeding instantly every shift of wind in direction and force may mean twenty-four hours at the end of a fortnight. Because of this very vigilance our China clippers always outsailed any rival pitted against them; and it once took the Dreadnought within a few miles of Queenstown in nine days and fourteen hours from Sandy Hook; she was afterwards blown offshore again for several days.

The American-built schooner Meteor, owned by the Emperor, sails against the Hamburg up here and they make a spanking brace of flyers, although the Meteor is too heavily built for fine work. Another large schooner underway every day at Kiel that holds the eye of all American yachtsmen is the Iduna, belonging to the Empress. She doesn't enter any of the races, but sails about among the fleet, with not the difference of a rope yarn visible in her looks now and when, as the Yampa, she used to soar up past Beaver Tail and then haul her wind for the Fort Adams corner. Indeed the yachts under the American flag here make a wonderfully fine exhibit; and we have every reason to feel vain of our showing with

such boats as the *Atlantic*, *Utowana*, *North Star*, *Alvina* and *Nahma* swinging to their anchors in Kiel harbor.

Perhaps the most astonishing attribute of the racing here is the way the sailing directions are issued, appearing to us to be the most admirable system we have seen yet. Each racing yacht receives a thick printed volume with heavy paper cover, containing a dozen or more smaller pamphlets, one for each individual race, with the entries, time allowances and other minutiae in large type, each race being bound up in a different color, so that there may be no doubt for an instant as to which is the race in question. After each one is sailed, its individual pamphlet is detached from the thick volume and destroyed—another illustration of the microscopical thoroughness of the Germans. A peculiar detail of another sort in connection with the racing that catches the attention of the stranger is the torpedo boat that convoys each royal yacht about the course. None of them ever stirs from her anchorage when a member of the Imperial family is aboard without the courtesying attention of one of these industrious little craft.

Kiel, June 24th. Yesterday was an interesting day for us, as all those who took part in the

Heligoland race were presented to the Emperor. We were asked on board the Hohenzollern for twelve o'clock; and just as eight bells were struck we stepped out of the gig and climbed the two or three flights of side ladders to the promenade deck. Flights of thickly carpeted stairs they really were that led up the side of the great vessel, whose freeboard was that of a liner, her displacement being about five thousand tons. In the stern, elevated on a sort of dais, stood the prizes won by the Heligoland contestants, while a few admirals and a number of other officers of lesser altitude stood about, to some of whom we were introduced while awaiting the advent of the Kaiser. Thus we chatted on various topics, the eyes of the officers invariably directed forward, till unexpectedly their persons swelled and hardened, our familiar discourse ceased, and, imitating their example, we addressed our gaze along the forward passageway, to perceive an imperious figure approaching with sinewy stride, every few moments returning the salutes of the assemblage. And so swift was his walk that before we knew it Wilhelm II. had passed by and had assumed a position in the stern of the vessel, surrounded by the unveiled prizes; and the presentation immediately took



THISTLE

place. The different groups of men—the owner and guests of the respective yachts—filed by and as his name was uttered by an aide in the form of an admiral, each individual received a strong grasp of the hand and a few sentences of welcome, wonderfully well chosen.

One of the best known of living musicians was once asked to name the first three great composers. After due meditation he answered: "First, Wagner; second, Wagner; third, Wagner." So, the quality most conspicuous in the German Emperor, as we saw him, was an atmosphere of genial power first and all the time. The fierce battle gleam that streams from all the published photographs of Wilhelm II. is remarkable in real life entirely by its absence. When the Emperor is before you you are confronted by a man of large frame powerfully muscled, for his grip is as solid as a wrestler's and his hand is large and encompassing. In height he stands not far from six feet and he can lift the scale at two hundred pounds. His thick chest and shoulders support a countenance from which look out the kindest blue eyes that ever twinkled at a joke; and of all the possible human traits that of self-consciousness seems furthest removed. The broad, friendly smile is the greeting of a man unwearied

of the world, of a man who has looked out on life and found it good; a man as natural as a law of physics, unhampered by the petty miseries of little minds. And as he stands before you these thoughts arise: Here is a well-tempered man whose brilliant smile dispenses all sorts of fun and whose firm jaws at rest mark the man of might and action. The brows are broad, the face somewhat plump and with but an unobtrusive token of the usual vehement mustaches—the face of one who lives well and delights in his friends and who finds that pleasure which strong minds discover in the act of existence.

When the presentation was at an end after lasting a quarter of an hour or so, we expected to find the admirals imposed along in an inflexible front, frozen as to the salute and conversation dead and buried. As a matter of truth, the Emperor gradually strolled over toward a brass stairway leading to an upper deck, talking away in his excellent English, clad as he was in white duck trousers and double-breasted blue coat, grasped the railing, stood for an instant with one foot on the step as he finished some blithe jest, included the group generally in a wave of his arm and stepped nimbly up the stairs with such a

real and candid laugh that made you think: Is this the great war chief of Europe? The man who directs the history of the German Empire? The most powerful soldier of modern times? The Emperor, like the lion, showed that he has a silken sheath for every claw.

Kiel, June 26th. Prince Henry gave a garden party at the Schloss yesterday, to which all the yachtsmen were invited. We arrived at the castle about four o'clock and upon surrendering our cards to the entrance guards we, together with a multitude of the town's élite, scaled some lofty stairs and entered a huge apartment, and joined in a long single line that was slowly advancing down the salon. It was very warm in the palace in spite of the strong breeze that blew the curtains about, but it was an interesting moment, and one quite worthy of a painter's brush. Midway down the room stood the Prince and Princess, surrounded by a score of officers and aides in blue and gold; and as each visitor passed, he or she turned and bowed to the group, who returned the salute with intense gravity, the guests then breaking ranks and strolling about the great chamber and so down stairs by another route and out into the brilliant gardens of the Schloss. Here five or six hundred people were gathered

under the tall forest trees whose tops, a hundred feet above the rolling lawns, waved and fluttered in the breeze. The broad backs of a cluster of men overflowing a little kiosk a hundred yards away reminded us also that the god of thirst had attacked us, the demon being presently routed by draughts of iced champagne by which the hungry washed down their little triangular sandwiches, when the song of the Rhine maidens arose from a huge orchestra far down in a grassy vale, whither we directed our steps. There were at least a hundred musicians who, during the afternoon, played selections from the Nibelungen Ring, the Ride of the Valkyries coming out grandly with the whirring wind and lashing tree tops aloft, though it was quite calm in the little green glen.

The whole affair was exceedingly informal and again that complete enjoyment which the Germans seem to get out of life shone all around them as they strolled about the lawns. Of rigid ceremony there was none; the Prince and Princess, with the Grand Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein, talked as unreservedly with their friends as though with old, life companions; and the function went on with as little restraint and as naturally as though it were a children's party on

the lawn. By and by a slight congestion was observed in one corner of the grounds, occasioned by the arrival of the Emperor and Empress, who appeared on the scene very quietly and at once fell to talking with acquaintances who crowded about them. Then the guests formed into a double line to facilitate matters, through which the Kaiser and Kaiserin slowly walked, the Emperor greeting the Americans whom he had met previously on the Hohenzollern, calling each by name, though he had heard the names but once before. Indeed this almost uncanny memory of the Emperor's is perhaps his most distinguishing trait, at times appearing nearly superhuman. And as he moved about, with a little joke for a group here and there, smiling and talking with his whole countenance, as unconscious of himself as the least exalted around him, it required an effort to remember that this was the iron-willed monarch who is generally pictured to us as one about to go forth to slay. Nothing could possibly be further from the Emperor's personal appearance; and you are obliged to believe what every navy and army officer tells you: That the Kaiser maintains the greatest land force of any nation, not to conduct war, but in the interests of peace.

No feminine grace could exceed the Empress's as she exchanged greetings with her friends, her open and frank countenance holding a dignity unusual even among the queens of the earth. When the Kaiserin spoke to her subjects it was as though a benediction had fallen in a voice so courteous and gentle, so free from condescension and artifice, that no one wonders why the German people very nearly worship her. Nobody ever forgets that clear complexion and the steady, sad eyes surrounded by the wavy, gray hair.

That evening we dined at the Kaiserlicher Yacht Club, or rather at the restaurant attached to, though not a part of it. A glorious view lies stretched in front, for the whole harbor extends before the eyes, so jammed with all sorts of craft from battleship to knockabout that a launch even is hard put to successfully clear everything when steering through the fleet. At nine-thirty the Emperor came ashore to dine at the yacht club with some lofty dignitaries, while the men-of-war flamed up in their electric raiment; and as the Emperor stepped ashore from his launch, the heavens split apart in one great streak of lightning and a single crash fell that hushed the crowds and obliterated the patriotism of the bands. Then came the final glory of the evening.

For no sooner had the Emperor disappeared within the clubhouse than every war-ship in the harbor turned her search-light upon it and kept it there for an hour and a half till the Kaiser reappeared, when the concentrated beams followed him to his launch and so out to the Hohenzollern. It was dazzling, crushing, this terrific jumble of lights, forty shafts of blinding glare focused on a single building, upon the balcony of which we sat overwhelmed and for the time sightless. It was as though two score suns scattered in the night sky had ordered vengeance on a spot of earth and trained their batteries of fire upon it. And all the time the immense fleet stood out in their electric robes, outlined in little globes of fire; and the bands sounded the *Wacht am Rhein* and Körner's Battle Song, and the hum of the multitude swam around us. And far out in the harbor, rising above every object, the Imperial Standard in electric lamps at the Hohenzollern's masthead shone like a brooch of jewels in the black, as over the hills the storm flew on and the spent lightning flared across the clouds over against us.

Travemünde, June 28th. Early yesterday morning we got under way at Kiel to race up to this famous North German watering place,

eighty miles or so away. It was much like a race from Larchmont to New London, except that the German coast-line bends away sharply after rounding a certain headland, so that the course is suddenly altered six or eight points when the race is about half over. We had a fair wind, sometimes light, sometimes fresh, and arrived at Travemünde at seven in the evening after a sail of about ten hours.

We had imagined that after her great sprint across the Western Ocean, the Ailsa would assume that dignity that should accompany the brave deeds of which she was the admired heroine. We all remembered how she used to turn around against her rudder and bark at us out in the Atlantic. We thought, though, that she had abandoned all her indiscretions, until, just after we had doubled the point alluded to, she lit on a crag with a bound like an ibex. The topmast shook. "Keep her away there; hard up," said the skipper when the Ailsa had sprung off. But we had reckoned without her nimble possibilities. For, gathering her long legs under her, she made another bound and gained the summit of an even loftier eminence, and then passed swiftly along the invisible, stony steeps, now hanging for an instant on a rocky hillock, now spurning the



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ledges like an impatient steed, till she had prosperously cleared every hurdle and settled down again on the flat. Such little diversions variegate the moments of a long, gentle day and illustrate the attainments dormant in a modern racing yacht.

There never was a more curious likeness between two spots than exists between Travemünde and Port Said. The Trave River is not a great deal wider than the Suez Canal, the boats tie up right alongside the green banks and there is a lighthouse on a jetty, just as at the sinful little North African town; while the desert effect is wonderfully simulated by a broad stretch of sandy marsh, half covered with glistening salt water ponds. Only the majesty of traffic is lacking at Travemünde.

All the yachts make fast to stakes driven into the banks, so that at a short distance away they seem to be floating on the meadows. They lie three or four abreast, too, like the sailing ships in the Hooghly at Calcutta, so that people going ashore tramp across the decks of the other boats and finally walk the plank that reaches to the bank, alongside which the water is from fifteen to twenty feet deep. A double row of lindens stretch along the promenade parallel with the river, under

which these happy people puff their evening pipes and look out at the water scenes that pass before their doors. Far off across the salt meadows, beyond the winding Trave, they watch the shifting hues of the expiring day, and the formal windmills turning slowly in the gathering dusk. They go to bed early, too, these artless folk; and after ten o'clock the lindens guard a silent roadway, with the yachts' bells sounding clear and rich across the shadowy marsh.

Travemünde, June 29th. Yesterday we spent at Lübeck, there being no race on for us. We went up in a launch, together with the people of the Utowana, and spent four hours within the ancient city, one of the three free towns of Germany, the other two being Hamburg and Bremen. Lübeck is twelve miles up the Trave River; although with its towers and steep roofs lifting out of the marshes, it does not look five miles distant. A wonderfully clear sky stretched over us as we departed in the launch; and the two-hour run up against the current and around the sharp angles of the channel, with the copper spires of the city growing ever clearer, was far too short for the enjoyment of so perfect a day. By and by the banks grew higher—little tablelands of tufted sand—till on a sudden the

town burst on us and we passed on as in a deep canal with the stone houses and mills growing up boldly out of the black water. Under low masonry bridges we swept along till the center of the town was reached and landed at a long, narrow float, while the populace gathered to gape at our tall, thin funnel of glittering brass. Then beneath a massive, square brick gateway, four hundred and fifty years old, we bent our course for the Dom Kirche of Spartan simplicity as to the interior, with spotless white walls bridged at immense heights with heavy trusses of timber, age-blackened and sombre. A veritable delight to sit within these cool, towering walls, away from the dusty dazzle of the streets, and picture to yourself the gorgeous designs and sculptures that abounded here before the reign of Luther.

Yet the dead black and white strikes upon the fancy a note of awe in its severity as the eye travels up into the ghostly wastes of the transept; and Bach and Albrechtsberger fill the mind and you can almost hear the counterpoint of the Master of Eisenach rolling through those lonely aisles. And the organ. There it hangs in the air, bold and grand, the only spot of color in the building, its pipes of gold and blue soaring up out of the antique, blackened case. It is not

thrust away in a gloomy alcove showing but the front rank of its pipes, but juts bravely into space above the Gothic doorway; while on the Sabbath peals from its open diapasons: *Eine Feste Burg ist unser Gott*.

This was the day set apart for the annual visit of Prince Henry to the Burgomaster of Lübeck, and we all dined together in a subterranean banquet hall at the Rathaus at two o'clock, our party of a score or more at one table, long and narrow like a plank, Prince Henry's separated from ours by a series of low, pointed arches. Between the two a large orchestra throughout the dinner played from *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersinger*. The repast itself, eaten amid the ancient walls of the city hall, many yards below the street surface, was perhaps the most unique experience of the whole trip. Almost every dish was unknown to us and we dipped into the delicacies set in compartments in big wooden whirligigs, without the faintest notion of their original source. Curious salted meats and fish seemed to prevail, though it was but guesswork at best to tell what they were.

This was a red wine cellar; and fore and aft the table's length stood battalions of thin-necked bottles, uncorked and inviting attention. Huge

crystal goblets holding hard upon a quart lay at each plate and by and by peaches were passed around the board, which we stabbed full of fork holes and placed in the goblets before filling them with bubbling Moselle, the wine drawing up the flavor of the peach throughout its golden depths. Liqueurs of poignant taste in spindling glasses succeeded the cups of rich coffee, as the orchestra sounded the first chords of Liszt's Second Rhapsody, with the beams from the candles in the iron chandeliers glittering upon the humid masonry, like the nitre shining with the light of the flambeaux of the wine caverns in Poe.

The sunlight almost staggered us after those chilly depths, though the fresh oxygen tasted good in the mouth, and we drove back to the landing stage steeped in the essence of the Middle Ages; and all the way down the river, to the churning of the launch, our thoughts returned to the steeped city slowly settling into the emerald marsh, and to its knightly defenders going out to battle seven hundred years ago for pleasant Lübeck.

THE LOGS

CHAPTER IV

ATLANTIC

THREE-MASTED schooner owned by Wilson Marshall, Esq., New York Yacht Club. Guests on board, Dr. F. B. Downs, H. A. Bergmann, L. B. Ostrander, Frederick M. Hoyt, C. B. Seeley and Morton W. Smith. Captain, Charles Barr.

May 15th. 5:30 p. m. boarded ship and took final stores on board. 6 p. m. weather generally overcast; moderate Southeasterly breeze; fog banks off there. 8 p. m. thunderstorm with light rain, which continued all night. 10 p. m. the Valhalla, Endymion, Hildegarde and Utowana anchored in the Horseshoe.

May 16th. 6 a. m. calm with light rain. 8 a. m. moderate Easterly breeze and thick fog. 10 a. m. heavy fog; took water aboard. 12 m. similar conditions. 2 p. m. heavy fog and occasional showers. 4:30 p. m. start postponed until noon of 17th. 6 p. m. clearing inside the Horseshoe, but still thick outside. 8 p. m. fog still thick, heavy showers. 10 p. m. similar conditions. 12 p. m. clearing somewhat.

May 17th. Fresh Easterly breeze; thick outside; fresh breeze; similar conditions; took on board five tons pig lead. 10:30 a. m. hove up and proceeded in tow for Sandy Hook Lightvessel; set full canvas. 12:16 p. m. crossed line on port tack; light breeze; moderate Easterly breeze and sea, hazy. 12:45 p. m. breeze increasing took in staysails, setting them later; took departure from Sandy Hook Lightvessel; bearing N.N.W., distance 4 miles; fresh breeze, hazy. 5 p. m. took in staysails; took in jib topsail; sea making up. 7 p. m. set jib to topsail; 8 p. m. occasional showers and fog; similar weather; set both topsails; light breeze and fog; fog very thick; S. Y. Oneida alongside at 12:30 a. m.

May 18th. 1 a. m. tacked ship to Northward. 1:45 a. m. tacked ship to Southward; calm, thick fog; strong breeze and heavy fog; wind moderating and hauling Easterly; set mizzen staysail; set main topsail; fresh breeze; moderate sea; took in baby and set No. 1 jib topsail; made schooner yacht Hamburg on lee beam, distant 6 miles; fresh breeze; breeze moderating; set balloon staysails at $39^{\circ} 46' \text{ N.}$, long. $69^{\circ} 50' \text{ W.}$; wind light. 4:40 p. m. set spinnaker to port. 4:45 p. m. took in mizzen staysail. 7:30 p. m.

jibed over; course E. $\frac{1}{4}$ S.; fresh breeze; smooth sea. 9:30 p. m. set smaller staysail; moderate breeze; fine clear weather; Pole Star 40° 1' N.

May 19th. Set balloon staysail; fine clear weather. 8 a. m. breeze increasing; sea smooth; fine weather; took in staysails; fresh breeze; moderate sea; split main topsail; bent new one; took in spinnaker; tore it badly; set squaresail and raffee; fresh breeze; moderate sea; took in mainsail; fresh breeze and clear weather. 2 p. m. wind and sea increasing; strong breeze; similar conditions. 7 p. m. wind and sea moderating; light breeze; moderate sea. 9 p. m. fine clear weather; overcast; light breeze.

May 20th. 1 a. m. fair weather, fresh breeze; clear moderate breeze; set mainsail; wind hauling Southerly; set both staysails; set jib topsail and jib. 8 a. m. light breeze, smooth sea; set balloon main topmast staysail; took in raffee and squaresail and set spinnaker; fresh breeze; spoke Red Line S. S. bound W.; took in spinnaker, balloon staysail, jib topsail and mizzen topsail. 4 p. m. nasty Easterly swell; fresh S.W. breeze; set topsails and small staysails; spoke S. S. Minnetonka bound W.; set squaresail and raffee; passed by Campania bound W.; took in light sails and clewed up topsail. 8:30 p. m.

heavy S.W. squall; took in spanker and mainsail. 9:15 p. m. set sails again; exchanged signals with White Star steamer bound W.; moderate; overcast.

May 21st. Set squaresail; light S.W. breeze. 1:50 a. m. jibed over; took in topsails and squaresail; fresh N.W. breeze; set topsails; smooth sea; set main topsails; set baby jib topsail and mizzen staysail. 7 a. m. fresh breeze; smooth sea; fair clear weather; moderate sea; fresh breeze. 1 p. m. took in balloon main topmast staysail and set working sail; light breeze. 2:50 p. m. passed White Star liner supposed Arabic bound W.; light breeze; smooth sea; log $96\frac{3}{4}$; position $41^{\circ} 16'$ N., $53^{\circ} 48'$ W.; wind taking off; fine clear sunset; calm. 8 p. m. took in balloon main top staysail and set working sail; calm; hauled in sheets to avoid slatting; took in jib topsail, staysails and topsails; light air. 12 p. m. set squaresail; set raffee.

May 22d. Calm; just steering away; took in squaresail and raffee and set topsail, staysails and baby jib topsail. 3 a. m. light whole-sail breeze; light air astern. 7 a. m. calm; catspaw forms. 11:30 a. m. took in mainsail; set balloon mizzen topmast staysail; set balloon jib topsail;

light Southerly air, smooth sea. 2:30 p. m. set spinnaker. 3 p. m. took it in; took in balloon mizzen topmast staysail and set mainsail and working staysail. 4 p. m. balloon jib tack parted; set all head sails and working topsail; took in main topsail, wind coming in gusts; hazy and dark; passed an iceberg one mile to leeward; clewed up mizzen topsail; took in baby jib topsail; fresh breeze, smooth sea.

May 23d. Fresh breeze, smooth sea; fair clear night, cold; set baby jib topsail; passed large iceberg, lat. $42^{\circ} 20' N.$, long. $48^{\circ} 30' W.$; unbent main topsail and bent spare one; took down mizzen topsail and cut a cloth out of leech. 12 m. fair weather, fresh breeze; fine weather, fresh Southerly breeze; took in baby and set working jib topsail; passed a schooner bound N.N.W., $42^{\circ} 50' N.$, $45^{\circ} 38' W.$; fine weather, fresh breeze; passed sailing vessel bound W. Changed jib topsails; fine weather, smooth sea.

May 24th. 1 a. m. fine night, fresh breeze; smooth sea; took in mizzen staysail; fine weather, breeze increasing; wind hauling West-erly; took in mizzen topsail. 6 a. m. fine morning; strong breeze; took in mizzen staysail; passed a sailing vessel steering N.W.; set mizzen staysail and baby jib topsail; exchanged signals with

S. S. Montegaghe, bound West; took in baby and set jib topsail; strong breeze; made record day's run for a yacht in North Atlantic passage; fresh breeze, overcast; breeze increasing; took in mizzen topsail and staysail; wind and sea increasing; took in main staysail, and clewed up main topsail; took in jib topsail and double-reefed spanker; clewed up fore topsail; wind increasing. 8 p. m. called watch and took in spanker, jib and flying jib; bent mizzen trysail; heavy sea and Southerly gale blowing; wind and sea increasing.

May 25th. 1 a. m. took in foresail and mainsail and set fore and mizzen trysails; moderate gale and sea; ship taking no water on board; wind moderating; set single-reefed mainsail; took in fore trysail and set foresail; shook out reef in mainsail and set fore topsail; rain and fog. 9 a. m. set squaresail and raffee; strong breeze; sea increasing; occasional rain; set mizzen topmast staysail; strong breeze; sea increasing; more regular; ship running easily; wind increasing; took in staysails and raffee; clewed up fore and main topsails; took in mizzen trysail and set it up in stops. 8 p. m. strong wind with rain and heavy sea; vessel running well; similar conditions.

May 26th. Strong winds and heavy following sea. 3 a. m. set raffee, fore topsail and mizzen

trysail; wind moderate, high sea; oil bags out; vessel rolling heavily. 4:40 a. m. set main topsail. 6:20 a. m. set mizzen staysail. 7:20 a. m. hauled it down. 11 a. m. wind hauling aft, took in fore topsail and foresail and set port raffee; cloudy, with strong wind and heavy sea; wind and sea increasing; similar conditions. 3 p. m. took in main topsail and mainsail; set fore trysail; set mizzen trysail in stops; took in jib; whole gale and heavy sea; similar conditions; wind and sea increasing; similar conditions; rain squalls during watch; wind moderating, clear night.

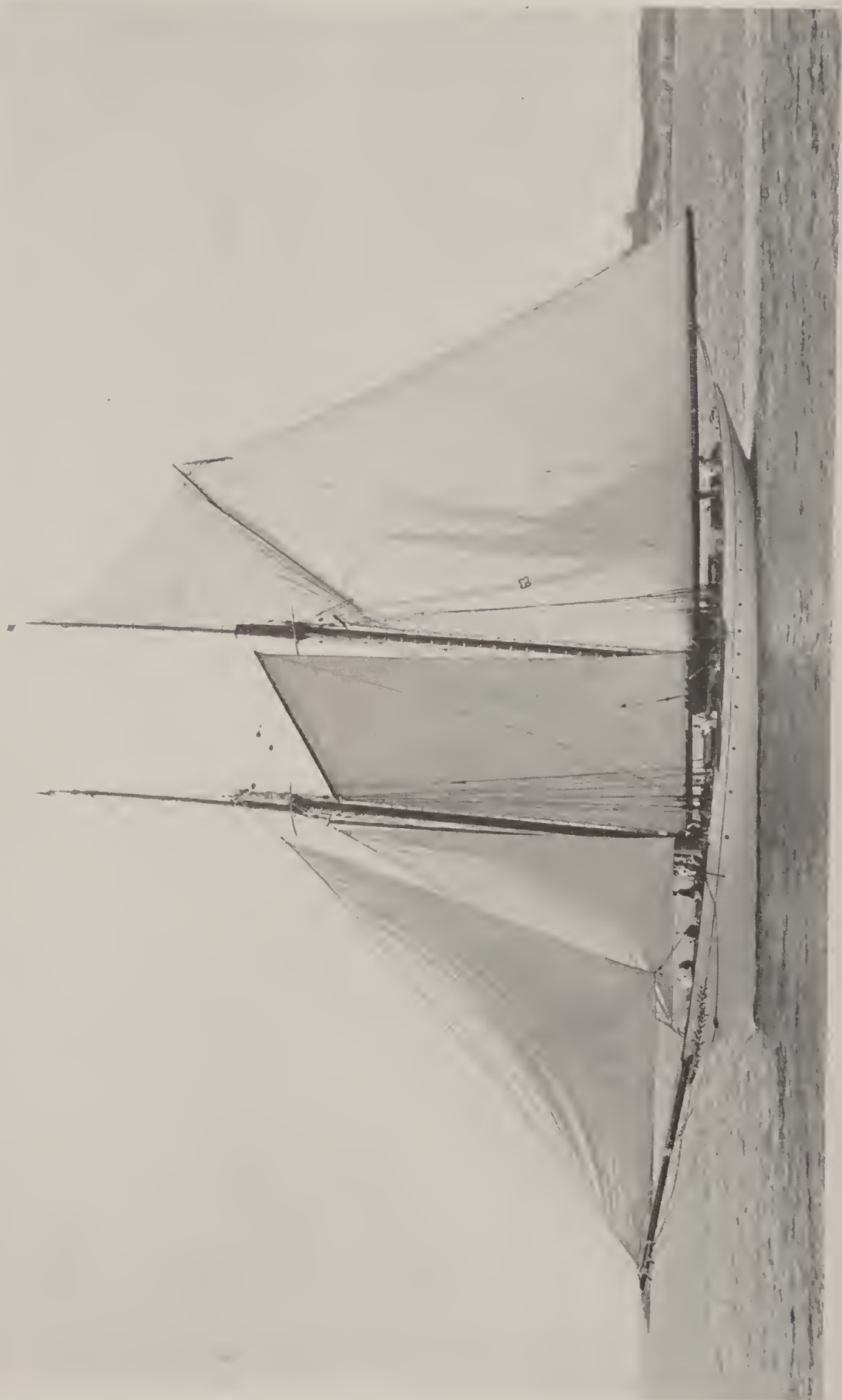
May 27th. Ship rolling heavily, strong wind and heavy sea; similar conditions; set double-reefed mainsail and jib; strong wind and high sea; double-reefed foresail. 7 a. m. strong wind and high sea; set foresail; set double-reefed mainsail; wind moderating; took in squaresail; heavy sea, vessel rolling heavily. 12 m. wind and sea moderating; clear afternoon; strong breeze and heavy sea; shook reefs out of foresail. 3 p. m. sea moderating, shook reefs out of mainsail. 4 p. m. fine weather. 4:20 p. m. log $34\frac{1}{2}$, lat. $49^{\circ} 3' N.$, long. $19^{\circ} 33' W.$ 6 p. m. set fore and main topsail. 7 p. m. set flying jib. 8 p. m. occasional squalls from S.W. 9 p. m.

sea moderate. 9:30 p. m. set main and mizzen staysails; wind hauling to Southward; fine clear night.

May 28th. 2 a. m. rain squalls during watch. 3 a. m. fresh breeze and moderate sea. 4 a. m. similar conditions. 5 a. m. set jib topsail. 6 a. m. fresh breeze, moderate sea. 7 a. m. took in both staysails. 8 a. m. strong breeze, moderate sea. 9 a. m. similar conditions. 10 a. m. similar conditions. 11 a. m. set mizzen staysail. 12 m. fresh breeze, took in staysails. 1 p. m. fresh breeze, sea moderating. 2 p. m. wind and sea moderating. 2:30 p. m. set double-reefed spanker. 4 p. m. took in mizzen topmast staysail. 5 p. m. fresh breeze, moderate sea. 6 p. m. overcast, occasional rain. 7:30 p. m. set mizzen topmast staysail. 8 p. m. moderate breeze, heavy clouds. 9 p. m. a French Line steamer abeam, bound E. 10 p. m. exchanged signals 3 miles South. 11 p. m. squally; took in staysails, topsails and jib. 12 m. heavy rain, strong breeze; took in spanker; got 65 fathoms on lead.

May 29th. 1 a. m. spanker boom lift bolt broke; repaired it and set sail. 2 a. m. set main and fore topsail. 3 a. m. fresh breeze, smooth sea. 4 a. m. set mizzen topsail and staysail. 5 a. m. fine weather. 6 a. m. took in baby and

IDUNA



set No. 1 jib topsail. 7 a. m. moderate breeze, smooth sea. 7:40 a. m. made Bishop's Rock light. 9:36 a. m. G. M. T. Bishop's light abeam, log 73; passage 11 days, 16 hours and 22 minutes. 11 a. m. wind light, sea smooth. 12 m. set spinnaker and balloon main topmast stay-sail. 1 p. m. very light airs from Westward. 2 p. m. spinnaker in and out often. 3 p. m. similar condition. 2:45 Admiralty tug informed us that no yacht had finished. 3:30 p. m. made German cruiser Pfeil anchored off Lizard. 8:30 p. m. Pfeil hoisted our number and signal to congratulate us; we answered thanks. 9:16:19 p. m. G. M. T. crossed the finish line and received winning guns; headed up channel E. $\frac{1}{4}$ S., light winds.

HAMBURG

Two-masted schooner, owned by German Syndicate. Managing owner, Adolf Tietjens. Captain, Peters.

May 17th. Wind E. by N. 3, bar. 29.58; overcast; all lower sails and jib topsail No. 2, main topmast staysail No. 3, fore and main jib-headed topsails; close-hauled on port tack, heading S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 12 m. worked into position for the start, keeping close to the committee steamer, the Easterly position; gunfire at 12:15 p. m.; crossed the line about two minutes later, covered by the Utowana, who had passed the committee steamer on the wrong side; Hildegarde leading to leeward, followed by the Ailsa well on the weather side, the Atlantic close behind her, the Endymion and Hamburg several lengths in the rear; we soon sailed through the lee of the Utowana and also of the Endymion; as soon as we had gathered way on our yacht, we passed the Hildegarde and after a while the Ailsa and settled down for the struggle with the leading yacht Atlantic; the freshening breeze in-

duced the Atlantic to haul down both her topmast staysails, while we kept up ours, but taking off our jib topsail at 5 p. m. and before an hour had elapsed we gained the weather side of the Atlantic and slowly drew ahead, leaving the Ailsa, Hildgarde, Endymion and the other yachts way behind us; a steam yacht with fore and main staysails, the last of the accompanying yachts, could not quite keep up the pace of our yacht; at 9 p. m. we had a good lead on the Atlantic with every prospect of a fine race with her, if wind and weather continued the same. At 10 p. m. a fog prevented further observation of our relative positions; the wind failed during the night, freshening a little in the morning.

May 18th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 39'$ N., long. $71^{\circ} 1'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 142; wind variable, foggy and hazy, sometimes calm; bar. 29.45. At noon when the fog lifted for a while we noticed a yacht right ahead of us and another yacht behind us, but could not tell who they were. 5 p. m. set squaresail. 10 p. m. set jib topsail No. 1 and furled squaresail.

May 19th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 48'$ N., long. $66^{\circ} 20'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 216; wind W., bright sunshine. 7 a. m. set mainmast spinnaker on starboard. 11 a. m. breeze freshened;

took in spinnaker; set squaresail. 9 a. m. N. G. Lloyd steamer *Grosser Kurfürst*, Eastward bound, passed us, exchanging signals. 11 a. m. when we took in spinnaker, the *Endymion* followed suit. 12 m. the *Endymion* passed us, sailing now on our port side half a mile ahead, when she had set her squaresail and raffer she gradually widened her lead to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. At 4:30 p. m. wind right aft, we set mainmast spinnaker again and ran up to the *Endymion*, passing her at 9 p. m., a capital race in a fresh breeze; our log showed 13 knots. At daybreak discovered a yacht on our starboard quarter about 3 miles off with spinnaker and bowsprit spinnaker steadily gaining on us; afterward found out she was the *Endymion*.

May 20th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 54'$ N., long. $61^{\circ} 35'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 219; light Westerly breeze. 4:30 p. m. squally, showers in the evening, before midnight took off both our topsails; sea increasing. 12 m. jibed; wind West; in the course of the forenoon the *Endymion* went into the front again on our starboard side. 4:30 p. m. the wind became fresher and 2 points more Southerly; away our yacht went, all headsails drawing nicely; log 12 knots, 13 knots, $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots; we left *Endymion* in grand style and

before dusk she was nearly out of sight; a fine race so far.

May 21st. Lat. $39^{\circ} 49'$ N., long. $56^{\circ} 13'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 247; wind moderate from N.W., in afternoon it fell calm; a miserable day for racing. 8 p. m. a very soft Northerly air sprung up hardly filling our flapping sails. At daybreak nothing to be seen of Endymion. At noon passed a buoy 7 feet diameter, apparently a gas buoy, black and red, half a mile North of our course.

May 22d. Lat. $39^{\circ} 53'$ N., long. $52^{\circ} 42'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 169; carried all light sails, also balloon main topmast staysail; wind very light from N. to N.N.E., clear and warm; dead calm in the afternoon. 9-12 p. m. wind S.S.E. very light; log 5 to 8 knots; no vessel in sight until 9 a. m., when a steamer came up, whose signals we could not recognize on account of the distance; saw many whales spouting; extraordinarily clear; a large circle around the sun. 5 p. m. a steamer of the American Line Eastward bound passed us, her wishes for a good voyage were duly answered by us; dead calm, swell going down. 6 p. m. a very light Southerly breeze set in and gave us good headway; after a while wind drew more forward; had to lower

balloon main staysail; wind varying all night in weight and also several points in direction.

May 23d. Lat. $40^{\circ} 25'$ N., long. $49^{\circ} 19'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 160; wind S.E.; all sails set, close-hauled; temperature of the air 7 a. m. 19° C., 8 a. m. 12° C., temperature of the water 8 a. m. 11° C.; hazy; saw an iceberg in N. by E. At 10 a. m. Corner 10 miles distant, passed some floating ice near by. At 12 m. sighted another iceberg in N. by W.; log 8 to 10 knots; horizon ahead clearing; haze in S.E. At 4 p. m. temperature 12° C. 5 p. m. changed our course to E. by S., though enjoying a nice breeze which made the yacht heel; the surface of the sea was as smooth as a pond. At 5 p. m. passed the sharply cut hazy cloud on our starboard, no doubt occasioned by ice. 5:30 p. m. temperature suddenly rose to 20° C., and signs of a lively breeze were again visible on the water; a large two-funnel four-mast grey steamer drew up on our starboard side and signalled as follows: 5:30, Greenwich time, passed the Endymion abeam; 6:37, Greenwich time, passed the Ailsa abeam; ship's time was 6 p.m.—9h. Gr. time. We figured the speed of the steamer at 15 knots and estimated Endymion to have run at 10 knots, difference 5 knots, for 3 hours and 30

minutes, equal to $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles astern; Ailsa supposed to have run 10 knots, difference 5 knots, for 2 hours and 23 minutes, equal to 11 miles; we expressed our thanks for these communications by signals; our yacht walking at this time $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots; some people on board of this steamer apparently must have been very much interested in this ocean race; the steamer keeping still on our starboard side, shaped her course to the South; we suggested she had discovered another sail which she was going after; during the night wind freshened, we never logged less than 13 knots, sometimes up to $15\frac{1}{2}$ knots in the forenoon of the next day; lee deck constantly awash under the press of sails.

May 24th. Lat. $42^{\circ} 38'$ N., long. $43^{\circ} 21'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 303; sea increasing. 1:45 p. m. stowed jib topsail. 2:30 p. m. stowed main topmast staysail No. 3. 3:30 p. m. stowed main topsail; carried all lower sails and fore topsail; wind S.E. by S. 5 in the afternoon, S. and S.S.W. 6 to 7 during the afternoon; torrents of rain; bar. from 30 falling to 29.10. 9 p. m. wind moderating, set main topsail and jib topsail; plenty of water on deck.

May 25th. Lat. $44^{\circ} 54'$ N., long. $37^{\circ} 3'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 306; wind S.

S.W. 6, overcast, some rain; bar. 29.40; high sea running. 2 p. m. stowed both topsails and squaresail. 5 p. m. close-reefed mainsail to keep the yacht before the sea; set fore staysail; wind S.W. 7:30 p. m. close-reefed foresail and stowed fore staysail; a moderate gale blowing with rain squalls; yacht working heavily. 10 a. m. steamer Celtic passed us, bound West. 1 p. m. a two yellow funnel steamer passed us, bound West.

May 26th. Lat. $47^{\circ} 15' N.$, long $31^{\circ} 31' W.$; miles covered from noon to noon, 272. 3:30 a. m. set squaresail; 7 a. m. put one reef out of foresail. 9 a. m. lowered close-reefed mainsail 4 feet to keep the yacht before the sea during the heavy squalls; plenty of water on deck; a terribly high sea running; used oil to prevent the sea from breaking. 8 p. m. stowed foresail. 10 p. m. took in squaresail; bar. 29.18.

May 27th. Lat. $49^{\circ} 26' N.$, long. $26^{\circ} 9' W.$; miles covered from noon to noon, 253; wind W. by S. 5 to 6 from 1 to 8 a. m., S.W. by W. 6 squally from 9 a. m. to 12 m., W.S.W. 6 from 1 to 4 p. m., S.W. 8 from 5 p. m. to 12 m.; bar. 29.30. 2 p. m. jibed; course E.S.E. 7 p. m. stowed squaresail; keeping the yacht before the breaking high sea for the last two days we had reached a latitude more Northerly than intended, but the

KOMET



steering required every precaution to avoid a jibe and broaching to.

May 28th. Lat. $49^{\circ} 54'$ N., long. $18^{\circ} 41'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 292. 3 a. m. set fore staysail single-reefed. 6 p. m. carried full mainsail, staggering along under a press of sails. 10 p. m. put the reef out of foresail; wind S.W. to S.S.W. 7, moderating to 6 at 2 p. m. and to 5 at 6 p. m. 9 p. m. clear sky; bar. steadily rising, 29.71 at noon; wind and sea decreasing.

May 29th. Lat. $49^{\circ} 59'$ N., long. $10^{\circ} 35'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 312. 1 a. m. put reef out of fore staysail. 3 a. m. set fore and main topsails. 7 a. m. set main topmast staysail No. 2. 9:30 a. m. set jib topsail No. 2; wind S.W. 5 to 3 in the forenoon, 3 to 2 in the afternoon; clear sky; wind and sea decreasing; bar. 29.96; passed several steamers outward bound; asked one of them by signal if she had met yachts, to which she replied, yes, three-masted schooner—no doubt the Atlantic.

May 30th. Lat. $49^{\circ} 46'$ N., long. $6^{\circ} 13'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon, 161; wind S., very light from 1 to 4 a. m., more Westerly from 5 to 8 a. m., dying away by and by; during the voyage jib No. 2 never was shifted, as we were not compelled to heave to; our little ship stood

the sea remarkably well. 4 a. m. set balloon main staysail. 5 a. m. set main tackyard topsail. 6 a. m. set mainmast spinnaker; off Wolf Rock met with the steamer Lady of the Isles who had several gentlemen of the American Press on board, they kindly helped us in forwarding messages to Germany; we also had some friendly talk about our log; passed the finishing line, due South of Lizard lighthouse at 7:27 p. m. Greenwich time; no accident occurred during the trip.

VALHALLA

Full rigged ship owned by the Earl of Crawford. Guests on board, the Hon. W. Cornfield, the Hon. Reginald Boughton, and Messrs. North and Wilbraham. Captain, J. Caws.

Unfortunately no copy of the Valhalla's log has been available, the days' runs and the noon positions being the sum total of all obtainable information. The remarks include the interesting fact that this yacht did not encounter heavy weather during the race. When Lord Crawford had been told at the finish that the Atlantic had passed safely through a heavy gale of wind, he was very much surprised, asserting that he had seen nothing but fine weather, which was certainly a very remarkable circumstance, inasmuch as the Valhalla could not have been very far distant from the other competitors at the time. Her owner also said that the Valhalla would have made a much better showing against the Atlantic if she had found more wind throughout the passage. This is evident when the size and rig of the vessel is considered, for she could run

with comfort when almost any other vessel in the fleet would lie hove to. The topgallant sails were not clewed up throughout the race, and for sixty hours, or two and one-half days, they were becalmed. On the fifth day out the Valhalla passed the Ailsa, unknown to the latter yacht. Her best day's run was 310 miles, an average for the twenty-four hours of practically thirteen knots. Had she experienced what to her would have been a strong gale of wind, she would undoubtedly have surpassed the Atlantic's run of 341 miles.

ENDYMION

Two-masted schooner, owned by Geo. Lauder, Jr., Indian Harbor Yacht Club. Guests on board, John R. Buchan, Richard Armstrong, Richard Sheldon, Jasper M. Rowland, Dr. Henry C. Rowland. Captain, James A. Loesch.

May 17th. Took departure from Sandy Hook Lightship at 12:16 p. m. under all plain sail on port tack; wind East; course S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. 1:30 p. m. tacked ship; course N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 3 p. m. tacked ship; course S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.; strong breeze, choppy sea, toward night thick fog and breeze moderating.

May 18th. Midnight to 4 a. m. thick fog and showers. 8 a. m. set balloon staysail; winds baffling, W.N.E to N.N.W.; course E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.; weather clearing; position by observation at noon lat. $39^{\circ} 44'$ N., long. $70^{\circ} 39'$ W.; distance 150 miles.

May 19th. Clear weather; course E. by S.; wind S.W. 8 a. m. passed yacht Hamburg to Northward of us about 5 miles; seeing our spinnaker they set theirs. 1 p. m. sea rough and

breeze strengthening; took in spinnaker and set squaresail and raffee; carried away yard; used broken spar and reset squaresail and raffee; while making repairs Hamburg passed us. 9 p. m. Hamburg on starboard beam; took in squaresail and set spinnaker and balloon main topmast staysail and balloon jib topsail; position by observation lat. $39^{\circ} 46'$ N., long. $66^{\circ} 20'$ W.; distance 200 miles.

May 20th. Weather fine, light W.S.W. breeze. 9 a. m. Hamburg on our port bow. 2 p. m. wind hauled S.W.; took in spinnaker; Hamburg about 7 miles astern. 4 p. m. took in all light sails; wind freshening. 9 p. m. set squaresail and raffee; lowered mainsail and set gaff-trysail. 10 p. m. lowered gaff-trysail and set mainsail; heavy sea with squalls and rain; position by observation at noon lat. $39^{\circ} 54'$ N., long. $61^{\circ} 41'$ W.; distance 214 miles.

May 21st. 2 a. m. jibed ship; wind N. by W.; set topsails, balloon jib, balloon staysail and balloon main topmast staysail. 9:30 a. m. S. S. Consuelo of Hull passed within hailing distance; she reported having passed Sunbeam in long. 62° W. at 4 p. m., May 20th. 11 a. m. light Northerly air. 7 p. m. practically becalmed since 1 p. m. 8 p. m. flat calm; yacht

rolling heavily; position at noon by observation lat. $39^{\circ} 58'$ N., long. $56^{\circ} 22'$ W.; distance 243 miles.

May 22d. 3 a. m. took in mainsail, heavy roll, no wind. 4 a. m. sighted Ailsa astern. 5 a. m. sighted from masthead what appeared to be the Valhalla, hull down astern; no wind. 8 a. m. light air from S.E.; course E. 9 a. m. Ailsa abeam 3 miles to Southward; she signalled, but we could not make them out on account of glare on water. 9:30 a. m. S. S. St. Louis, bound E., passed within hailing distance. 10 a. m. Valhalla visible from deck. 12 m. breeze freshening; course N. 70° E. 11 p. m. sighted steamer and signalled; weather rainy and squally; lat. by observation at noon 40° N., long. $55^{\circ} 5'$ W.; distance 59 miles.

May 23d. 4 a. m. wind increasing S.S.E. 6 a. m. Ailsa ahead about 7 miles. 8 a. m. clewed up topsails. 9 a. m. reefed mainsail. 11 a. m. sighted iceberg on port bow, estimated about 200 feet high. 1 p. m. shook reef out of mainsail, set topsails and No. 2 jib topsail. 10 p. m. altered course to N. 74° E.; cloudy weather; wind strong S. by E.; lat. by observation at noon $40^{\circ} 40'$ N., long. $49^{\circ} 39'$ W.; distance 253 miles;

from Sandy Hook Lightvessel 1,065 miles; to Lizard Light N. 74° E. 2,008 miles.

May 24th. 10:30 a. m. sighted S. S. Oceanic, bound W., signalled "sighted Hamburg one hour ago." 11:30 a. m. wind increasing; reefed mainsail. 3 p. m. sighted S. S. St. Paul, bound West. 4 p. m. sighted large steamer to leeward, bound West. 6 p. m. wind S.S.W., strong; rainy and cloudy weather; set squaresail. 8 p. m. set ring tail; very heavy sea. 10 p. m. set raffee; lat. by observation at noon $41^{\circ} 59'$ N., long. $44^{\circ} 27'$ W.; 246 miles.

May 25th. 1:30 a. m. took in raffee; blowing hard; heavy sea. 8:30 a. m. sighted oil tank steamer, bound East, dead ahead. 10:30 a. m. oil tank steamer abeam; put double reef in mainsail and took in ring tail. 5 p. m. signalled Dominion steamer, bound East. 5:30 p. m. set raffee. 8 p. m. jibed ship. 10 p. m. raining hard and wind freshening; lat. by dead reckoning $44^{\circ} 6'$ N., long. $38^{\circ} 31'$ W.; 291 miles.

May 26th. 4 a. m. carried away band at fore masthead holding jib stay; took in jib and balloon staysail, ring tail, squaresail and raffee. 8 a. m. repaired jib stay; set squaresail and raffee; strong winds with rain squall; very heavy seas. 11 a. m. gale increasing; split fore topsail; took

in fore topsail and mainsail. 6 p. m. repaired and set fore topsail. 9 p. m. carried away raffee. 11 p. m. repaired and reset raffee; lat. at noon by observation $45^{\circ} 26' N.$, long. $33^{\circ} 2' W.$; distance 246 miles; course $N. 71^{\circ} E.$

May 27th. 8 a. m. weather clear, heavy seas; set double-reefed mainsail; wind strong, W. 10 a. m. shook one reef out of mainsail. 11:30 a. m. carried away raffee. 12 m. raffee carried away again. 1:30 p. m. set raffee. 6 p. m. carried away fore topsail, took it in and set a jib topsail as a fore topsail; weather rainy and wind moderating; lat. by observation at noon $46^{\circ} 42' N.$, long. $27^{\circ} W.$; course $N. 74^{\circ} E.$; distance 274 miles; to Lizard Light 904 miles, $N. 79^{\circ} E.$

May 28th. 6 a. m. jibed ship and reset fore topsail; wind freshening and heavy sea. 6 p. m. wind hauled abeam; took in raffee, set ring tail, No. 2 jib topsail. 9 p. m. shook reef out of mainsail and set main topsail. 11 p. m. signalled S. S. New York, bound W.; lat. by observation at noon $48^{\circ} 44' N.$, long. $21^{\circ} 11' W.$; distance 264 miles; course $N. 62^{\circ} E.$

May 29th. 4 a. m. split ring tail and took it in. 6 a. m. set balloon jib topsail and balloon main topmast staysail; weather fine and very

little sea. 7 p. m. rain and light air. 8 p. m. took in balloon jib topsail and spinnaker and set No. 3 jib topsail; lat. by observation at noon $48^{\circ} 59'$ N., long. $14^{\circ} 27'$ W.; distance 266 miles; course N. 87° E.

May 30th. Weather clear and fine, practically becalmed all night. 4 a. m. took sounding 123 fathoms. 5 a. m. jibed over, took in No. 3 jib topsail and set spinnaker and balloon jib; sea smooth, no wind. 8 a. m. took sounding 84 E.; flat calm all day and night; lat. at noon by observation $49^{\circ} 7'$ N., long. $10^{\circ} 44'$ W.; distance 148 miles; course N. 87° E.

May 31st. 12:30 a. m. light air from Southward; jibed over and set all kites. 9 a. m. wind freshening, carried away balloon jib topsail and set another. 11:54 a. m. spoke German steamer, she signalled, "Valhalla in long. $6^{\circ} 51'$." 3:45 p. m. Bishop's Rock light abeam. 4 p. m. spoke S. S. Lancastrian; reported Valhalla 2 hours ahead and American yacht won race, finishing Monday night. 6 p. m. set spinnaker. 9 p. m. Lizard Light bearing North and race is over; lat. at noon by observation $49^{\circ} 32'$ N., long. $7^{\circ} 24'$ W.; distance 133 miles; course N. 79° E.

HILDEGARDE

Two-masted schooner, owned by Edward R. Coleman, Esq., Philadelphia Corinthian Yacht Club. Guests on board, Frank Platto, A. E. Barber, Dr. Robert Lecomte.

May 17th. Crossed line 12:15 p. m.; fresh Easterly breeze and fog. Midnight wind South, dense fog.

May 18th. A. M. baffling winds, confused sea. 4 a. m. wind light, hazy. 8 a. m. wind steady. 4 p. m. wind hauling Westerly and light. Midnight moderate W.S.W. breeze and clear; bar. 29.70. Noon position by observation lat. $39^{\circ} 32'$ N., long. 70° W.; course S. 70° E.; distance 202 miles.

May 19th. A. M. fine throughout and moderate breeze from W.S.W. 8 a. m. similar weather; temperature of water 50° , air 54° . Noon moderate, fine; wind W.S.W. 8 p. m. altered course to East by North; fresh Westerly breeze and high swell; bar. 29.70, air 59° , water 58° . Midnight fresh breeze and fine; bar. 29.70. At

noon course N. 78° E.; distance 225 miles; lat. by observation $40^{\circ} 15'$ N., long. $66^{\circ} 22'$ W.

May 20th. A. M. moderate wind and high S.W. swell, causing ship to roll and slat. 4 a. m. wind veering slightly to Northward of West. Noon moderate and fine; bar. 29.75, air 68° , water 62° ; p. m. heavy showers with increasing wind from N.W. 4 p. m. nearly calm; wind springing up near sunset and backing more Westerly. Midnight fine with baffling winds from N.W. to W.N.W.; bar. 29.75, air 58° , water 54° . At noon course N. 67° E.; distance 192 miles; lat. by observation $41^{\circ} 29'$ N., long. $62^{\circ} 30'$ W.

May 21st. A. M. moderate Northerly breeze and rising; bar. 29.80; constantly making and taking in light sail as wind baffled. Noon light N.W. and fine; bar. 29.95; p. m. moderate and light airs throughout, hazy on horizon; moderate West wind. Midnight same condition weather; air 45° , water 44° ; at noon course N. 67° E.; distance 230 miles; lat. 43° N., long. $58^{\circ} 22'$ W.

May 22d. A. M. moderate Westerly, fine, clear overhead and hazy on horizon; bar. 30, air 41° , water 40° . 4 a. m. dense fog; wind S.W.; bar. 30, air 38° , water 41° . 8 a. m. fog cleared off; observation by sun for chrs.; bar. 30.05. Noon

steady S.W. breeze and clear; air 56° , water 41° , bar. 30.01. 4 p. m. wind more from West, fine and clear; bar. 30.01, air 51° , water 42° ; ends with moderate S.W. wind and clear; bar. 30.05, air 42° , water 38° . At noon course N. 54° E.; distance 167 miles; lat. by observation $44^{\circ} 38'$ N., long. $55^{\circ} 14'$ W.

May 23d. A. M. moderate; wind South, clear and fine. 4 a. m. similar weather; bar. 30.05, air 39° , water 39° . 8 a. m. weather continues fine, cloudy sky and occasional thin fog; bar. 30.05, air 40° , water 38° . Noon breeze freshening; sun obscured; bar. 30, air 40° , water 36° . 4 p. m. similar weather; bar. 30, air 39° , water 36° . 8 p. m. moderate S.W. and fog; midnight similar weather, bar. 30.04, air 34° , water 32° . At noon course N. 52° E.; distance 232 miles; lat. $47^{\circ} 5'$ N., long. $50^{\circ} 44'$ W.

May 24th. A. M. moderate S.W. and thick fog; bar. 30, air 36° , water 32° . 4 a. m. wind falling, light and dense fog. 6 a. m. passed four icebergs, two large and two small. 8 a. m. very light air, clear horizon; bar. 30, air 36° , water 34° ; calm. Noon light breeze springing up from E.S.E. 4 p. m. fresh Easterly breeze and rain. 6 p. m. similar conditions; bar. 39.80, air 39° , water 39° . 8 p. m. wind increasing and

glass falling rapidly; shortened sail. Midnight wind South with rain. At noon course N. 66° E.; distance 187 miles; lat. by observation $48^{\circ} 20'$ N., long. $46^{\circ} 28'$ W.

May 25th. A. M. overcast with shifting wind. 4 a. m. wind veering Westerly and moderate and rain; bar. 29.40. 8 a. m. similar conditions. Noon moderate Westerly; sky overcast; bar. 29.25. 2:30 p. m. violent squall from Northward, settling into hard gale from N.W. and continues throughout remainder of day; ship running under double-reefed foresail and fore staysail; high confused sea running throughout day; yacht shipping an occasional sea. Midnight wind N.W.; bar. 29.50. At noon course N. 86° E.; distance 134 miles; lat. by D. R. $48^{\circ} 30'$ N., long. $43^{\circ} 9'$ W.

May 26th. A. M., fresh N.W. gale throughout, first part with high sea running, using oil freely; ship running fairly dry and making good weather; bar. 29.50. 8 a. m. similar weather; sea running more true; bar. 29.55; observation for longitude. Noon sky clear at times; had observations for latitude; bar. 29.55, air 48° , water 46° . 4 p. m. observation for longitude. 8 p. m. fresh gale and fine; bar. 29.65; ends with fresh gale and passing squalls—9 days from

Sandy Hook. At noon course S. 89° E.; distance 203 miles; lat. by observation $48^{\circ} 28'$ N., long. $37^{\circ} 11'$ W.

May 27th. A. M., fresh N.W. gale and passing rain squalls; high sea running. 4 a. m. similar weather. 8 a. m. similar weather. Noon fresh gale and high swell from N.W.; bar. 29.65, air 58° , water 46° . 8 p. m. steady Westerly gale and high sea with occasional rain showers. Midnight similar weather; bar. 29.65. At noon course N. 83° E.; distance 263 miles; lat. by observation $49^{\circ} 2'$ N., long. $30^{\circ} 32'$ W.

May 28th. A. M., continues same weather, with passing squalls of rain; ship running under squaresail. 4 a. m. similar conditions. 8 a. m. set raffees. Noon moderate Westerly gale and high sea, passing rain squalls; bar. 29.75. 8 p. m. similar weather. Midnight wind W.S.W., passing showers; bar. 30, air 54° , water 54° . At noon course N. 84° E.; distance 298 miles; lat. by D. R. $49^{\circ} 33'$ N., long. $23^{\circ} 36'$ W.

May 29th. A. M., moderate W.S.W. breeze, the first part with passing showers. 4 a. m. similar weather, sea running down. 8 a. m. wind backed to S.W. Noon moderate and fine, passing clouds, clear observation; bar. 30.10, air 60° , water 54° . 8 p. m. wind falling light.

Midnight light air of wind, passing rain shower. At noon course N. 84° E.; distance 205 miles; lat. by observation $49^{\circ} 54'$ N., long. $17^{\circ} 22'$ W.

May 30th. A. M., light air from S.W. and fine. 8 a. m. similar wind and weather; several steamers in sight. Noon fine and warm, light baffling air from Westward. 4 p. m. similar weather. 8 p. m. wind freshening from South. Midnight fresh breeze from South and clear. At noon course S. 86° E.; distance 154 miles; lat. by observation $49^{\circ} 44'$ N., long. $13^{\circ} 23'$ W.

May 31st. A. M. fresh breeze from South and fine. 8 a. m. similar weather. Noon fresh Southerly breeze and fine. 4:15 p. m. sighted Bishop's Rock; 5:30 p. m. Bishop's Rock Light bearing N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.; distance 4 miles. 7:40 p. m. Wolf Rock bearing N. by E.; distance 6 miles. At 10:28:21 p. m. mean time at Greenwich passed finish line at Lizard. At noon course E.; distance 202 miles; lat. by observation $49^{\circ} 44'$ N., long. $8^{\circ} 9'$ W.

Course from noon observation N. 86° E.; distance 115 miles to Lizard; 10:08:21 finish time.

SUNBEAM

May 17th. At 11 a. m. off Sandy Hook. Set all plain sail, large outer jib, fore topsail and topgallant sail, main topmast staysail, balloon mizzen topmast staysail and mizzen topsail. Wind East, light.

Keeping clear of the line until the smaller and more handy vessels had passed, we rounded the committee boat ahead of the Apache, astern of all the other vessels. The Valhalla and Utowana were recalled by the committee. The fore and aft vessels, built for racing, drew away rapidly after crossing the line, laying two points nearer the wind than the square-rigged vessels, and in the light breezes of to-day going faster through the water.

At 4 p. m. we had sailed 20 knots. Course S.E. by S. From 3 p. m. to 6 p. m., wind freshening and drawing to the East Northeast. Took in balloon sails and fore topgallant sails. 8 p. m., wind falling light. At midnight, calm, with dense fog, thunder and lightning, and much rain.

May 18th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 32'$ N., long. $71^{\circ} 51'$ W.

Distance run 112 miles. All possible sail carried. Topmast and large lower studdingsail set on the port side. Weather very fine. Middle watch calm, with dense fog, thunder and lightning and heavy showers. At 4 a. m. light breeze making from North, gradually veering to Northwest. At 10:30 a. m., three-masted schooner, supposed to be Utowana, sighted to the Southeast.

May 19th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 35'$ N., long. $67^{\circ} 32'$ W. Distance run 198 miles. Winds W.S.W. to W.N.W., freshening at intervals. Sea moderate, weather clear. All possible sail. Topmast and lower studdingsails, yard gaff-topsails on main and mizzen. Main and mizzen topmast staysails, when wind not too far aft. At 7 p m. sighted the Ailsa on port quarter distant three miles. Exchanged night signals. Until 6 a. m. the following day the Sunbeam fully held her own, both vessels maintaining an average speed of ten knots. At 5 a. m., wind moderating, the Ailsa set spinnaker and gradually drew ahead, steering a more leewardly course than the Sunbeam. Ailsa having been the leading vessel at the start, it was a surprise, and highly encouraging to our crew, to find that the Sunbeam had so greatly improved her position in the race.

May 20th. Lat. $40^{\circ} 12' N.$, long. $62^{\circ} 49' W.$ Distance run 230 miles. Barometer steady at 29.80. Course made good East, three-quarters North. Wind West to Southwest. Fresh to moderate. Heavy showers 6 to 8 a. m. Sea smooth. All possible sail has been carried; yard gaff-topsails, topmast staysail, jib topsail, stud-dingsails, balloon standing jib.

May 21st. Lat. $40^{\circ} 24' N.$, long. $58^{\circ} 50' W.$ Distance run 227 miles. Winds from Southwest round by West to Northwest. Barometer rising from 29.80 to over 30.00. Current as yesterday setting to Eastward. From noon till 8 a. m. maintained fully 10 knots. In the afternoon, rate of sailing from 12 to 10 knots. In the evening, wind veering to the Westward squally. In the forenoon watch, wind dying away to a calm. At 9 p. m. the night signal assigned to the Sunbeam by the Starting Committee was made to a large steamer steering East, supposed National Line. Answered with two blue lights and a red light on the bridge, forming a triangle. We see no contestants. Assume that they have steered a more Northerly course. We are following the one guiding utterance from the New York weather office, to the effect that it would

be dangerous for the yachts to cross the meridian of 50° W., North of latitude 41° .

May 22d. Lat. $40^{\circ} 24'$ N., long. $55^{\circ} 20'$ W. Distance run 117 miles. Barometer 30.05 to 30.30. Light breeze from N.N.W. until 4 a. m. Dead calm with short swell from S.W. from 4 a. m. till noon. While the breeze held, all possible sail. When the wind died away, lowered mainsail and main and mizzen topsails for slight repairs. A disheartening day for owner and crew, keen to make a creditable passage. During ten hours out of the twelve only the faintest airs from time to time. Steered so as to keep out of the trough of the sea, and minimize wear and tear and chafe. The high reading of the barometer showed clearly that we had lost the favorable winds of the last two days. For the next fair winds we must look to the Southward and Westward, with some fall in the barometer. Evening prayers at 4 p. m. according to custom. Well attended.

May 23d. Lat. $41^{\circ} 12'$ N., long. $50^{\circ} 4'$ W. Distance run 243 miles. All possible sail. Wind South. Sea smooth. Gulf Stream gave 20 miles of Easting. At 2 p. m. Cunard steamer, supposed Lucania, passed to windward, East bound. At 11 p. m. exchanged signals with Cunard steamer

going West. In explanation of the term all possible sail, Sunbeam carries jib topsail, large and two smaller flying jibs, balloon standing jib fore topmast and lower studdingsails, standing and balloon main and mizzen topmast staysails, jib-headed and yard main and mizzen gaff-topsails. There has been no delay in setting any sails that could do any good. Our sail equipment includes a balloon standing jib, bent to the jib stay with hanks, and sheeting home abaft the fore rigging. We have found this sail most useful. With the prevailing fair winds thus far experienced we have derived the greatest advantage from the full spread of canvas on the foremast, and very specially from the studdingsails. In light weather sails add at least one to two knots to the speed. Press of sail has discovered here and there a weak fitting, more suitable for the Solent than for racing across the Atlantic. Repairs and refits have been made with creditable smartness and efficiency by our seamen. Have never sailed with a better crew.

May 24th. Lat. $42^{\circ} 57'$ N., long. $44^{\circ} 28'$ W. Distance run 272 miles. Wind South. Barometer 30.25, falling to 29.90. All possible sail including balloon sails. The fine run of this

day was made with a strong breeze on the beam. Sea smooth. We were on the Southern edge of a cyclonic movement, travelling North of our track to the Northwest and Eastward. The conditions were trying for the fittings too often found in yachts. Those who build yachts and those who repair them have generally in view the conditions prevailing in the Solent. The rough service of the open ocean is beyond their experience. We had been carrying a balloon standing jib, the strain of which revealed a weak spot. Carried away the screw by which the bobstay is set up at the bowsprit end. This accident made it necessary to lie to, and to set up the bobstay with tackles. Time lost an hour and twelve minutes, or a loss in the run for the day of probably sixteen knots. We were going fully twelve knots. Though travelling at this high speed when all sails were full and drawing, the breezes seemed quite light when hove to.

May 25th. Lat. $45^{\circ} 30'$ N., long. 39° W. Distance run 282 miles. Barometer 29.80. Wind veering from S.S.W. to W.S.W. Fresh gale, with increasing sea. Observations taken for morning sights. Sun clouded at noon. Longitude worked by estimated latitude. With increasing wind and sea, hauled down two reefs

in mizzen. Later, furled mizzen. Some minor mishaps. Hook of lower block of main throat halyards carried away. Spare block promptly brought up from boatswain's store. Main topsail sheet carried away. Studdingsails were set on the starboard side, as the wind drew aft. Taken in more than once when squalls blew too hard for flying kites. The crew are working well and are always eager for cracking on.

May 26th. Lat. $46^{\circ} 42'$ N., long. $35^{\circ} 50'$ W. Distance run 270 miles. Noon to 8 p. m., running under foresail and mainsail, fore topgallantsail, fore topsail and squaresail. Studdingsails carried for a short time. At 8 p. m. stowed all fore and aft canvas, wind drawing to Westward. Ran the direct course, East by South, under square canvas. At 9 a. m. sights for longitude. No observation for latitude at noon. Weather boisterous. Gale veering from S.S.W. to W. White Star steamer passed at 6 p. m. steering East. Made signals which we were unable to read. Too far and too hazy. Evidently referred to one or more contestants which she had sighted astern.

May 27th. Lat. $47^{\circ} 48'$ N., long. $27^{\circ} 6'$ W. Distance run 250 miles. Wind W. Fresh gale, noon to midnight, moderating later. Running

before the wind under square canvas only. The advantage of the square rig forward in a three-masted schooner was conspicuously shown to-day. The force of the wind was sufficient to give at times a speed of eleven knots, and averaging ten for the twenty-four hours. From noon till 8 p. m. sea increasing, heavy, topping seas coming up continually from astern. Broken water coming on board in the waist. Oil bags put out on either bow at 8 p. m. Had great effect. Log for the last five days shows a total distance covered of 1,317 miles, a notable performance for a small auxiliary vessel. Not having seen any of the contestants since parting company with the Ailsa, we continue to make comparisons with the best performances on record. It is satisfactory to find that the distance we have covered exceeds that sailed in the same number of days by the Endymion on her record passage to Cowes. It should be noted that the start for the Atlantic race was made on an unfavorable day.

May 28th. Lat. $48^{\circ} 22'$ N., long. 21° W. Distance run 246 miles. Barometer rising from 29.71 to 29.90. From noon to 2 a. m., wind W.N.W., a strong breeze, the course being E.S.E. Ran under square canvas only, main-

taining an average speed of ten knots. At 2 a. m. wind shifted to W.S.W. Set foresail and main-sail. At 6 a. m. studdingsails on starboard side and jib-headed main topsail. At 7:30 set mizzen with single reef. Wind and sea throughout more moderate than during the last two stormy days.

May 29th. Lat. $48^{\circ} 35'$ N., long. $14^{\circ} 52'$ W. Distance run 242 miles. Commences with strong breeze from W.S.W. with high seas and squally weather, changing to moderate breeze and fine. All plain sail set. Main and mizzen topsails, studdingsails on starboard side. Balloon topmast staysails taken in at night. Weather squally. At daylight made more sail. Took in jib-headed main and mizzen topsails. Set yard topsails and balloon main topmast staysail. Set large lower studdingsail. Evening service as usual at 4 p. m., with address. On the whole, much the finest day since the calm experienced a week ago. We have passed through a gale more severe than might have been expected in the finest season of the year. Our competitors in the smaller vessels must have had a hard time.

May 30th. Lat. $48^{\circ} 50'$ N., long. 12° W. Distance run 120 miles. Noon till midnight, winds West to W.S.W. baffling, and never stronger than a gentle breeze. From midnight

to noon, calm. Barometer standing at 30.25. Twelve hours of calm leave no chance of making a record passage. Perhaps we have been beaten hollow by several contestants. None seen since we parted company with the Ailsa. Our situation illustrates the dependence of the issue on causes beyond the control of the naval architect, the sailmaker, the navigator, the seaman. All the arts of progression under sail are unavailing without the propelling power. We have lain stationary, or nearly so, in a flat calm. The lull in the winds was perhaps to be expected after a long, and sometimes a very hard blow.

May 31st. Lat. $49^{\circ} 39'$ N., long. $8^{\circ} 30'$ W. Distance run 146 miles. Calm from noon till 10 p. m. Light Southerly airs till midnight, gradually increasing to moderate breeze. Barometer 30.21. During the long calm all fore and aft canvas except the mizzen was lowered. When the breeze freshened, all possible sail set. At 10 a. m. saw one of the contestants, schooner-rigged. This day of calm has reduced our average daily run from 223 to 210 knots. Having been delayed by contrary winds on the starting day and by forty hours of calm, the performance of Sunbeam is highly creditable. Arrived off the Lizard at 11 p. m. Distance

run 125 miles. The passage from Sandy Hook had been made in 14 days and 6 hours. Average daily run, 213 knots. Total distance covered, 3,080 knots.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Two-masted schooner, owned by Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, New York Yacht Club. Guests on board, Miss Stimson, Eliot Tuckerman and J. B. Connelly. Captain, Thomas Bohlin.

May 17th. Left Sandy Hook Lightship at 12:23 p. m., close-hauled on the port tack, carrying all working sails, the baby jib topsail and main top staysail. Fog, rain, Easterly wind 4 p. m. About 5:20 p. m. crossed Endymion's bow one mile to the windward.

May 18th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 56' N.$, long. $70^{\circ} 54' W.$ Miles covered from noon to noon, 140. Wind, light shifting from the North through the West to the South-South-West. All light sails, balloon jib topsails. In the afternoon the sky was overcast, the sea smooth.

May 19th. Lat. $40^{\circ} 28' 17'' N.$, long. $67^{\circ} 3' W.$ Miles covered from noon to noon, 180. Wind, Westerly, following sea. Blew the foghorn one hour.

May 20th. Lat. $41^{\circ} 45' N.$, long. $53^{\circ} 21' W.$ Miles from noon to noon, 182. Winds, light and

variable, North, West and Southwest during the day. A calm for an hour in the afternoon. At 5 p. m. the wind came fresh from the Northwest. All light sails set. The wind held until midnight.

May 21st. Lat. $42^{\circ} 21' N.$, long. $63^{\circ} 13' W.$; miles covered, 170. As usual, sails and sprit sails set. Light Northwest wind, smooth sea, foghorn three hours after 7 p. m.

May 22d. Lat. $44^{\circ} 46' N.$, long. $56^{\circ} 21' W.$; miles covered, 183. Clear, wind West-Southwesterly, light; balloon jib topsail; foghorn 12 to 2 a. m.

May 23d. Lat. $45^{\circ} 15' N.$, long. $50^{\circ} 30'' W.$. Balloon jib topsail, main top staysail until 8 a. m. Wind hauled to the Southeast. Southwest current has set us back nineteen miles.

May 24th. Lat. $46^{\circ} 45' N.$, long. $47^{\circ} 40' W.$; miles covered, 146. Wind Southeast to Northeast. Heavy gale by night. All working sails during the day. Saw a small iceberg at the beginning of the gale.

May 25th. Lat. $48^{\circ} 10' N.$, long. $42^{\circ} 25' W.$; miles covered, 205. Lower sails and fore topsail. Took in the mainsail. At 8 a. m. a strong gale hauling from the Northeast to the North and North-Northwest. Set outer jib and main try-

sail in the afternoon. Passed a good-sized iceberg at 6 p. m.

May 26th. Lat. $48^{\circ} 17'$ N., long. $37^{\circ} 35'$ W.; miles covered, 242. Wind, North-Northwest blowing a moderate gale; heavy following sea. 4 p. m. set the mainsail. Parted outer jib sheet at 10 p. m.

May 27th. Lat. $49^{\circ} 2'$ N., long. $30^{\circ} 52'$ W.; miles covered, 304. Still very heavy sea; also steering a little North of the course to keep the mainsail from jibing. Parted jib tackle at 1 p. m. Took in the sail at 9 p. m., and took in the foresail, which had parted its boom and tackle. A heavy sea came in at the main rigging at 6 a. m. swept the watch aft to the main sheet and broke one man's ribs. Fortunately, got sights, but toward evening heavy rain fell, the wind still blowing a gale. The sea is very heavy, but we are running well, fourteen knots at times. The main boom goes into the slings often, and once for half its length. Lee side is often full above the main ropes. The helmsman has been lashed now two days. At 9 p. m. took on sea over the port quarter that filled the decks.

May 28th. Lat. $49^{\circ} 23'$ N., long. $23^{\circ} 26'$ W.; miles covered, 293. Wind Westerly, moderating

in the afternoon. Then set the foresail and both topsails.

May 29th. Lat. $50^{\circ} 23' 18''$ N., long. $19^{\circ} 38' 15''$ W.; miles covered, 183. All light sails. Wind Westerly, nearly half and falling, light.

May 30th. Lat. $50^{\circ} 18'$ N., long. $15^{\circ} 10' 30''$ W.; miles covered, 172. Light sails; wind light and aft.

May 31st. Lat. $49^{\circ} 50'$ N., long. $9^{\circ} 29'$ W.; miles covered, 222. Wind hauled to East, then to South and fresh. All working sails out; later, the main top staysail. One hundred and seventeen miles from Bishop's Rock, abeam North by East at 10:30 Greenwich time.

AILSA

Yawl, owned by Henry S. Redmond, New York Yacht Club. Owner represented by Grenville Kane. Guests, Paul Eve Stevenson and Henry Reuterdaahl. Captain, Lem. Miller.

May 18th. Start made at 12:15 p. m. at Sandy Hook Lightship, log 29. 3 p. m. all sail set; took in jib topsail at 3 p. m.; log 4 p. m. 53; light wind, rain and fog; log 8 p. m. 81; hove lead 12 m. 32 fathoms; light sand and black specks; light wind and rain, log 98; tacked ship 1:10 a. m., log 4; took in mainsail 2 a. m. 7 a. m. took in storm trysail and put on all sails; light wind, fog and rain. 9 a. m. set jib topsail. 11 a. m. set squaresail. 12 m. temperature of water 50°; light wind; log 34.

May 19th. 4 p. m. took in jib topsail and jibed over; temperature of water 51°; log 57; light wind, gloomy. 4:45 p. m. took in squaresail. 6:30 p. m. put on jib topsail; temperature of water 60°; gentle breeze, clear sky. 8:45 p. m. signalled yacht Sunbeam. 12 m. temperature of water 50°; gentle wind, clear; log 28.

1 p. m. temperature of water 48° ; gentle breeze, clear sky; log 61. 4:15 a. m. changed course to E.S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. 5:30 a. m. Sunbeam still in sight; temperature of water 52° ; strong breeze; clear. 5:30 p. m. put on spinnaker; log 1; temperature of water 60° ; strong breeze, clear; log at noon 40.

May 20th. 12:15 a. m. broke spinnaker out and tore spinnaker asunder; squaresail was set after spinnaker was taken in. 3 p. m. took in mainsail and set trysail; very strong breeze. 4 p. m. log 80; very strong breeze. 8 p. m. log 16; moderate breeze, clear; log 12 m. 46. 4 a. m. took in trysail and hoisted mainsail; light wind, clear. 4 a. m. log 72; light wind, clear; all sail set. At 8 a. m. log 1. 10:30 a. m. took in No. 1 jib topsail and set No. 2; strong breeze, clear; temperature of water 66° . Log at noon 40.

May 21st. 3 p. m. took in mainsail and hoisted storm trysail; very strong breeze, squally; log 83. 6 p. m. took in storm trysail and set mainsail and topsail; very strong breeze, squally; log 22. 9 p. m. wind changed to N.W., jibed over. Midnight took in mainsail and hoisted storm trysail; log $60\frac{1}{4}$. 3 a. m. set squaresail; very strong breeze, clear; log $93\frac{1}{2}$; strong breeze, clear. 8

a. m. took in trysail and set all sails; light wind and clear. Log at noon 55.

May 22d. 3:30 p. m., took in squaresail; light wind, clear; log $90\frac{1}{4}$. 5 p. m. hoisted No. 2 jib topsail; light breeze, fair; log $5\frac{1}{4}$. 8 p. m. log $19\frac{1}{2}$; light breeze, fair. 4 a. m. sighted schooner yacht Endymion; light wind, clear, fair. 9:45 a. m. signalled S. S. St. Louis, bound East; temperature of water 64° . Log at noon 3.

May 23d. 4 p. m. Endymion still in sight leaving us; gentle breeze, fair; log $36\frac{1}{4}$; fine breeze, clear. 3 p. m. passed steamer, bound East; strong breeze, fair. 8 p. m. signalled steamer, bound East; took in jib topsail and gaff topsail; strong breeze, clear. 10:30 a. m. sighted iceberg. 11 a. m. hoisted gaff topsail; very strong breeze, clear.

May 24th. 1 p. m. signalled steamer, bound East; hoisted No. 3 jib topsail. 2 p. m. passed same iceberg in lat. $40^{\circ} 35' N.$, long. $49^{\circ} 12' W.$ 6 p. m. took in gaff and jib topsail; passed English steamer, bound West; showing letters A.J.E.D. 7 p. m. took 2 reefs in mainsail; temperature of water 56° . 12 m. very strong breeze, clear; temperature of water 64° . 1 a. m. strong breeze. 7 a. m. strong breeze, gloomy. 10 a. m.

set full mainsail. 11 a. m. temperature of water 64°.

May 25th. 1 p. m. strong breeze, overcast. 7 p. m. set squaresail. 8 p. m. took in gaff top-sail and mainsail and set storm trysail; moderate gale; occasional rain. 11 p. m. moderate gale, overcast. 3 a. m. moderate gale, overcast. 7 a. m. moderate gale, overcast. 10 a. m. strong gale, overcast; high S.W. sea.

May 26th. 1 p. m. strong gale, overcast; high sea. 5 p. m. took in squaresail and jib. 6:30 p. m. hoisted squaresail; strong breeze, high sea. 10 p. m. took in squaresail and set jib and staysail; moderate breeze, overcast. 2 a. m. strong breeze, overcast. 5 a. m. gale, high N.W. sea and squalls. 8 a. m. set squaresail; strong gale, very high N.W. sea.

May 27th. 12 noon took in squaresail and jib, and hove to on account of not being able to run any longer; sighted two floating logs. 2 p. m. sighted Hamburg-American Line S. S. Pretoria; strong gale and rain squalls. 8 p. m. hoisted fore staysail and bore off before wind, steering E.S.E. 12 p. m. gale with rain squalls, very high N.W. sea. 2 a. m. moderate gale with strong wind squalls and rain; high N.W. sea.

8 a. m. hoisted jib; strong breeze, high sea. 11 a. m. set squaresail; moderate sea and wind.

May 28th. 1 p. m. moderate high sea still running. 6 p. m. same conditions. 9 p. m. moderate breeze with squalls and rain; high N.W. sea. 1 a. m. moderate breeze with rain squalls; high N.W. sea. 6 a. m. moderate high sea. 10 a. m. moderate breeze; high N.W. sea.

May 29th. 1 p. m. moderate breeze, fair; high N.W. sea. 5 p. m. light breeze; moderating sea. 8 p. m. hoisted mainsail and gaff topsail. 11 p. m. moderate breeze, fair. 12 m. spinnaker pole and spinnaker repaired. 2 a. m. gentle breeze, overcast. 4 a. m. passed and signalled North German Lloyd steamer, bound West. 10 a. m. passed American Line steamer, bound West. 11 a. m. took in squaresail and set spinnaker No. 1 jib topsail.

May 30th. 2 p. m. passed American Line steamer, bound West. 3 p. m. carried away spinnaker; took in No. 1 jib topsail and set it as spinnaker; light breeze, fair. 10:30 p. m. signalled a Red Star Line S. S., bound West; very light wind. 4 a. m. Utowana in sight, slowly leaving us. 9 a. m. wind freshening; leaving Utowana slowly.

May 31st. 4 p. m. Utowana still in sight; gentle breeze, fair. 5 p. m. passed steamer, bound West; strong breeze. 4 a. m. strong breeze, cloudy.

June 1st. 2 p. m. soundings 92 fathoms. 12 noon reefed mainsail; very strong breeze. 6 p. m. set full mainsail. 7 p. m. soundings 58 fathoms. 9:30 p. m. sighted Bishop Light N.E. by N. 23 miles off. 12 midnight bearing N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 11 miles off. 1:20 a. m. passed Wolf Rock. 3 a. m. set spinnaker; very light wind. 4:39:32 a. m. Lizard bearing N.

UTOWANA

Three-masted schooner, owned by Allison V. Armour, New York Yacht Club. Guests, J. L. Mott, Jr., and Wm. Williams. Captain, J. H. Crawford.

May 18th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 27' N.$, long. $71^{\circ} 48' W.$; run 112 miles; wind Easterly; fog, sea smooth, working sails, jib topsail, topmast staysails.

May 19th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 28' N.$, long. $67^{\circ} 55' W.$; run 180 miles; light breeze, Westerly sea, smooth; long fore and mizzen squaresail and raffee.

May 20th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 25' N.$, long. $63^{\circ} 36' W.$; run 184 miles; clear, stiff Westerly breeze, sea rough; fore and mizzen squaresails and raffees.

May 25th. Lat. $43^{\circ} 31' N.$, long. $40^{\circ} 48' W.$; run 292 miles; overcast, heavy rain, squalls, strong Westerly winds, rough cross sea. Fore-and-aft squaresails. Best twenty-four hours' run, from 10 a. m. May 24th, to 10 a. m., May 25th, $299\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

May 26th. Lat. $44^{\circ} 39' N.$, long. $35^{\circ} 40' W.$; run 233 miles. Overcast, rain squalls, strong Northwest winds, rough sea. Working canvas.

May 28th. Lat. $47^{\circ} 57'$ N., long. $24^{\circ} 12'$ W.; run 233 miles. Weather the same, wind fresh, Westerly. At 10:30 a. m. passed a floating spar with wreckage attached.

May 30th. Lat. $49^{\circ} 18'$ N., long. $16^{\circ} 28'$ W.; run 114 miles. Clear, light Westerly breezes; all available canvas. At daylight sighted Ailsa on the port quarter about three miles astern. At noon Ailsa was slightly abaft beam. At dark Ailsa was six miles ahead directly on our course.

May 31st. Lat. $49^{\circ} 40'$ N., long. $10^{\circ} 3'$ W.; run 253 miles. Hazy sea. At 9:50 p. m. sighted Bishop's Rock Light. June 1st, passed the Lizard at 4:15 a. m. Time of the voyage, 14 days, 10 hours and 15 minutes. Average knots per day, 215; ditto per hour, 8.96.

THISTLE

Two-masted schooner, Robert E. Todd, Esq., owner, Atlantic Yacht Club.

May 17th. Crossed the line about 12:18 p. m., close-hauled on port tack, under all working sails; Easterly winds and foggy weather. About 5 p. m. dense fog set in and we kept foghorn going regularly. About 11 p. m. we tried to tack ship, finally compelled to "wear" round. Course E. by N. with wind about S.E.; barometer 29.71.

May 18th. Lat. $39^{\circ} 50'$ N., long. $71^{\circ} 18'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 128. This day began with light S.E. wind; at 2 a. m. came out from the N.W., and cleared up. About 5 p. m. got foggy again and remained so until 9 p. m. and cleared up nicely about 11 p. m.; barometer from 29.64 to 29.55.

May 19th. Lat. $41^{\circ} 7'$ N., long. $67^{\circ} 38'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 180; fresh Westerly breeze and clear weather. At 4 p. m. we passed close to a wreck, evidently a dismantled

brigantine. All afternoon the weather was clear with light W.S.W. wind; barometer from 29.60 to 29.54.

May 20th. Lat. $42^{\circ} 15'$ N., long. $64^{\circ} 10'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 172. This day commenced with light W. by S. wind and clear weather; got cloudy and rained a little about noon. We jibed ship about 6:30 a. m. and again at noon. About 2 p. m. we spoke steamer Crosemore; she reported having passed some icebergs in lat. 42° N. and long. 50° W., and also having had heavy fog; barometer from 29.66 to 29.54.

May 21st. Lat. $43^{\circ} 15'$ N., long. $60^{\circ} 50'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 167. This day commenced with fresh W. by N. wind and continued so all the morning, but by noon it cleared up; barometer from 29.92 to 29.66.

May 22d. Lat. $44^{\circ} 1'$ N., long. $56^{\circ} 50'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 183; barometer from 30.02 to 29.92. This day commenced with nice Westerly breeze and clear weather and remained so until about 6 a. m. About 5 p. m. weather began to get colder.

May 23d. Lat. $45^{\circ} 23'$ N., long. $51^{\circ} 33'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 240; barometer from 30.00 to 29.97. This day commenced with travelling mist and cloudy. About noon it cleared

up a little. In the afternoon fog set in again thick and wind got light and shifted to West.

May 24th. Lat. $45^{\circ} 30'$ N., long. $48^{\circ} 45'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 122; barometer from 29.99 to 29.41. This day commenced with light W.S.W. breeze; foggy, cloudy weather. About 2 p. m. we ran into drift ice. At 3:30 p. m. we passed a piece of an iceberg about 40 or 50 feet long and 5 or 6 feet out of water. At 4 p. m. we stood North on starboard tack as we had left warmer water to the North.

May 25th. Lat. $46^{\circ} 10'$ N., long. $46^{\circ} 20'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 105; barometer from 29.73 to 29.45. This day commenced with strong N.E. wind and rain squalls. In the afternoon came out strong N. by W. At 7 p. m. passed two fishing schooners anchored on the Flemish Cap with storm trysails set.

May 26th. Lat. $47^{\circ} 20'$ N., long. $40^{\circ} 25'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 262; barometer from 29.70 to 29.63. This day commenced with N.N.W. wind, with rain and hail. At 4 a. m. we ran into the Gulf Stream. At 7:45 p. m. we had a very heavy squall with hailstones.

May 27th. Lat. $47^{\circ} 57'$ N., long. $34^{\circ} 50'$ W.; miles covered from noon to noon 234; barometer from 29.73 to 29.69. This day commenced with

strong N.N.W. wind and dry squalls. About 10:30 we passed a bark "hove to" on the star-board tack under jib and trysail. At 11 p. m. we double-reefed the foresail.

May 28th. Lat. $48^{\circ} 13' N.$, long. $28^{\circ} 15' W.$; miles covered from noon to noon 260; barometer from 29.89 to 29.71. This day commenced with N.W. by W. wind. About 6 a. m. steamer passed to the North of us, bound West. At 1 p. m. we shook the reefs out of the foresail; the wind going round toward North. So finished up this day with cloudy weather and heavy sea running.

May 29th. Lat. $48^{\circ} 50' N.$, long. $22^{\circ} 54' W.$; miles covered from noon to noon 210; barometer 29.89. This day commenced with fresh W.N.W. breeze and cloudy weather; heavy sea running. At 9 a. m. took in spinnaker and set the star-board studdingsail. The rest of the forenoon spent drying sails. At 7:30 p. m. we set the foresail. At 8 p. m. set the mainsail. At 9 p. m. took in the studdingsail and set jib and flying jib.

May 30th. Lat. $49^{\circ} 2' N.$, long. $17^{\circ} 57' W.$; miles covered from noon to noon 202; barometer from 32.12 to 30.06. This day commenced with light Southerly breeze and cloudy weather and remained so until about daylight. At 4:30 a. m.

a Holland Line steamer passed us, bound West, too far off to signal. At 1 p. m. we sighted a three-masted schooner, bound East.

May 31st. Lat. $49^{\circ} 21' N.$, long. $10^{\circ} 45' W.$; miles covered from noon to noon 289; barometer from 30.04 to 30.02. This day commenced with fresh South wind and cloudy weather. In the forenoon we passed a square-rigged vessel (a large four-masted bark, bound West) and one steam trawler. In the afternoon the wind was still strong from the South, but the weather got cloudy and nasty. From 2 until 6 p. m. we made 55 knots (an average of $13\frac{3}{4}$ knots per hour), and from 12 noon until 8 p. m. we made 108 knots (an average for 8 hours of $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots per hour). At 10 p. m. we set the working jib top-sail, the wind coming more on the quarter. From midnight of the 30th to this midnight (about 23 hours and 40 minutes) Thistle sailed $303\frac{3}{4}$ knots.

June 1st. Miles covered from noon to noon 226, with Lizard's Lighthouse bearing North; barometer 30.02. This day commenced with fresh S.W. breeze and nasty thick rain squalls, but cleared a little about 2 a. m., when we sailed through a large fleet of fishing boats; the wind was getting very light and the tide on the ebb.

Observation at 8 a. m. showed us in longitude $5^{\circ} 15'$ W., so we hauled in log and found same had fouled with seaweed and line had got a kink in it over the rotator; immediately clewed up squaresail and took in raffee and headed up N.N.E. course, but tide being strong ebb we made the land about four miles to the West of the Lizard, and passed the Lizard Lighthouse bearing true North at 12:44 Chron., Greenwich time, when signal station answered our signals.

SUMMARY OF THE RACE

	Finish	Greenwich Time	Elapsed
Atlantic	May 29	9.16 p. m.	12.04.01
Hamburg	May 30	7.22 "	13.02.06
Valhalla	May 31	8.08 "	14.02.53
Endymion	May 31	9.34 "	14.04.19
Hildegarde	May 31	10.08 "	14.04.53
Sunbeam	May 31	11.40 "	14.06.25
Fleur-de-Lys	June 1	2.48 a. m.	14.09.33
Ailsa	June 1	4.25 "	14.11.10
Utowana	June 1	5.06 "	14.11.51
Thistle	June 1	12.44 p. m.	14.19.29
Apache	June 5	10.20 a. m.	18.17.05

Atlantic beat the Hamburg 22h. 5m.; Valhalla 1d. 22h. 52m.; Endymion 2d. 18m.; Hildegarde 2d. 52m.; Sunbeam 2d. 2h. 24m.; Fleur-de-Lys 2d. 5h. 32m.; Ailsa 2d. 7h. 9m.; Utowana 2d. 7h. 50m.; Thistle 2d. 15h. 28m.; Apache 6d 13h. 4m.

Name	Rig	L.w.l. Ft.	Beam Ft.	Dr'ht Ft.	Country
Atlantic* . . .	3-M't Sch.	139	30	16.5	United States
Valhalla* . . .	Ship	208	37	18	Great Britain
Utowana* . . .	3-M't Sch.	155	28	14.5	United States
Hildegarde . . .	2-M't Sch.	106	26	17	United States
Ailsa	Yawl	89	26	17	United States
Thistle	2-M't Sch.	110	28	14	United States
Endymion . . .	2-M't Sch.	101	24	14	United States
Hamburg	2-M't Sch.	116	24	17	Germany
Apache*	Bark	168	28	16.5	United States
Fleur-de-Lys . .	2-M't Sch.	86	22	13.5	United States
Sunbeam* . . .	Top'l Sch.	159	28	15	Great Britain

*Auxiliary steam. Propeller detached and secured on deck during race. Engines sealed.

POSITIONS AND DAILY RUNS

ATLANTIC

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 17	—	—	—
18	39.40	70.32	165
19	40.14	65.37	222
20	40.45	60.38	229
21	41.09	54.40	271
22	41.24	52.12	112
23	42.30	46.57	243
24	44.57	39.50	341
25	46.33	33.30	282
26	47.58	26.48	279
27	48.56	20.53	243
28	49.52	13.06	309
29	49.48	5.59	282
30		To Lizard	35
Total,			3013

HAMBURG

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 17 12:15	Sandy Hook	L. V. from N.	to N.
18	39.39	71.01	142
19	39.48	66.20	216
20	39.54	61.35	219
21	39.49	56.13	247
22	39.53	52.42	169
23	40.25	49.19	160
24	42.38	43.21	303
25	44.54	37.03	306
26	47.15	31.31	272
27	49.26	26.09	253
28	49.54	18.41	292
29	49.59	10.35	312
30	49.46	6.13	161
	To the finishing line		41
Passed Lizard 7:27 p. m. Gr. time			—
	Total,		3093

VALHALLA

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 18	39.19	72.30	136
19	39.20	68.18	162
20	39.40	63.56	225
21	39.42	59.04	256
22	39.54	55.19	184
23	40.44	50.25	240
24	42.18	44.39	287
25	44.00	37.58	310
26	45.25	32.12	289
27	47.24	26.06	278
28	48.33	19.19	280
29	48.55	12.35	278
30	49.35	8.50	156
M. 31	—	—	88
Total,			3169

ENDYMION

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 18	39.44	70.39	150
19	39.46	66.22	200
20	39.54	61.41	214
21	39.58	56.22	243
22	40.00	55.05	59
23	40.40	49.39	253
24	41.59	44.27	246
25	44.06	38.31	291
26	45.26	33.02	246
27	46.42	27.00	274
28	48.44	21.11	264
29	48.59	14.27	266
30	49.07	10.44	148
31	49.32	7.24	133
		To Lizard	90
Average to Lizard 9.03			<hr/>
		Total,	3077

HILDEGARDE

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 18	39.32	70.00	202
19	40.15	66.22	225
20	41.29	62.30	192
21	43.00	58.22	230
22	44.38	55.14	167
23	47.05	50.44	232
24	48.20	46.28	187
25	48.30	43.09	134
26	48.28	37.11	203
27	49.02	30.32	263
28	49.33	23.36	298
29	49.54	17.22	205
30	49.44	13.23	154
31	49.44	8.09	202
June 1		To Lizard	115
			<hr/>
Total,			3009

SUNBEAM

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 18	39.32	71.51	112
19	39.35	67.32	198
20	40.12	62.49	230
21	40.24	58.50	227
22	40.24	55.20	117
23	41.12	50.04	243
24	42.57	44.28	272
25	45.30	38.58	282
26	46.42	33.05	270
27	47.48	27.06	250
28	48.22	21.00	246
29	48.35	14.52	242
30	48.50	12.00	120
31	49.39	8.30	146
11 p. m.			125
Total,			<hr/> 3080

FLEUR-DE-LYS

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 17	—	—	—
18	39.56	70.54	140
19	40.28	67.03	180
20	41.45	63.21	182
21	42.21	60.13	170
22	44.46	56.21	183
23	45.15	50.00	—
24	46.45	47.40	146
25	48.10	42.25	205
26	48.17	37.35	242
27	49.02	30.52	304
28	49.23	23.26	293
29	50.23	19.38	183
30	50.18	15.10	172
31	49.50	9.29	222
June 1		To Lizard	

AILSA

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 17	—	—	—
18	39.44	71.48	98
19	39.40	67.18	229
20	39.21	63.11	192
21	39.33	58.49	204
22	39.46	55.16	144
23	40.39	49.36	243
24	41.50	44.11	245
25	43.53	39.10	250
26	44.59	34.50	226
27	46.11	30.43	162
28	47.29	25.11	217
29	48.49	20.00	218
30	49.18	16.19	136
31	49.37	9.44	250
June 1	49.49	3.36	231
Total,			3045

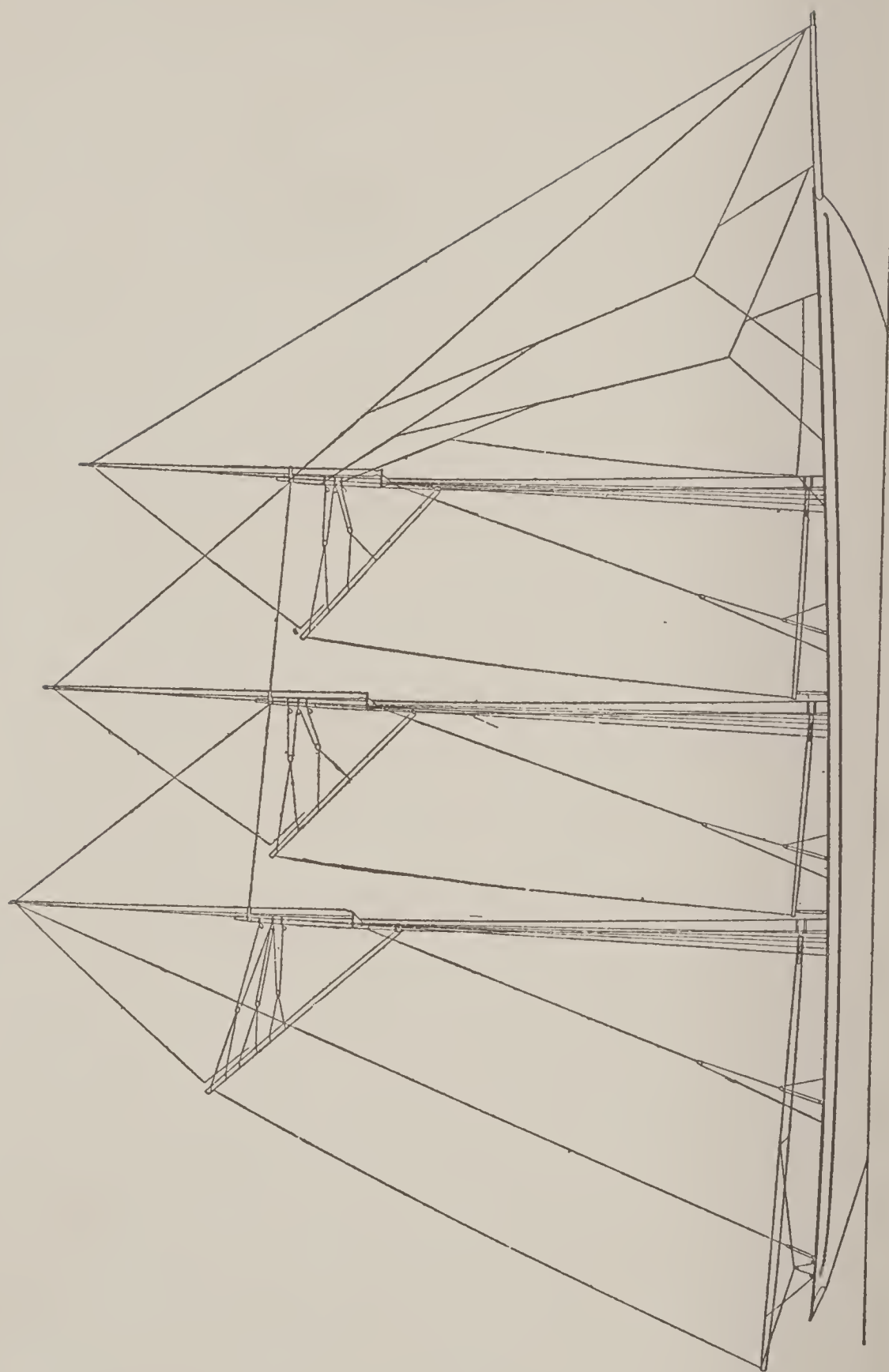
UTOWANA

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 18	39.27	71.48	112
19	39.28	67.55	180
20	39.25	63.56	184
21	39.24	58.50	236
22	39.13	55.11	171
23	40.16	50.17	233
24	41.05	46.29	180
25	43.31	40.48	292
26	44.39	35.40	233
27	46.50	29.37	286
28	47.57	24.12	233
29	48.55	19.18	205
30	49.18	16.28	114
31	49.40	10.03	253
June 1		To Lizard	189
Total,			3101

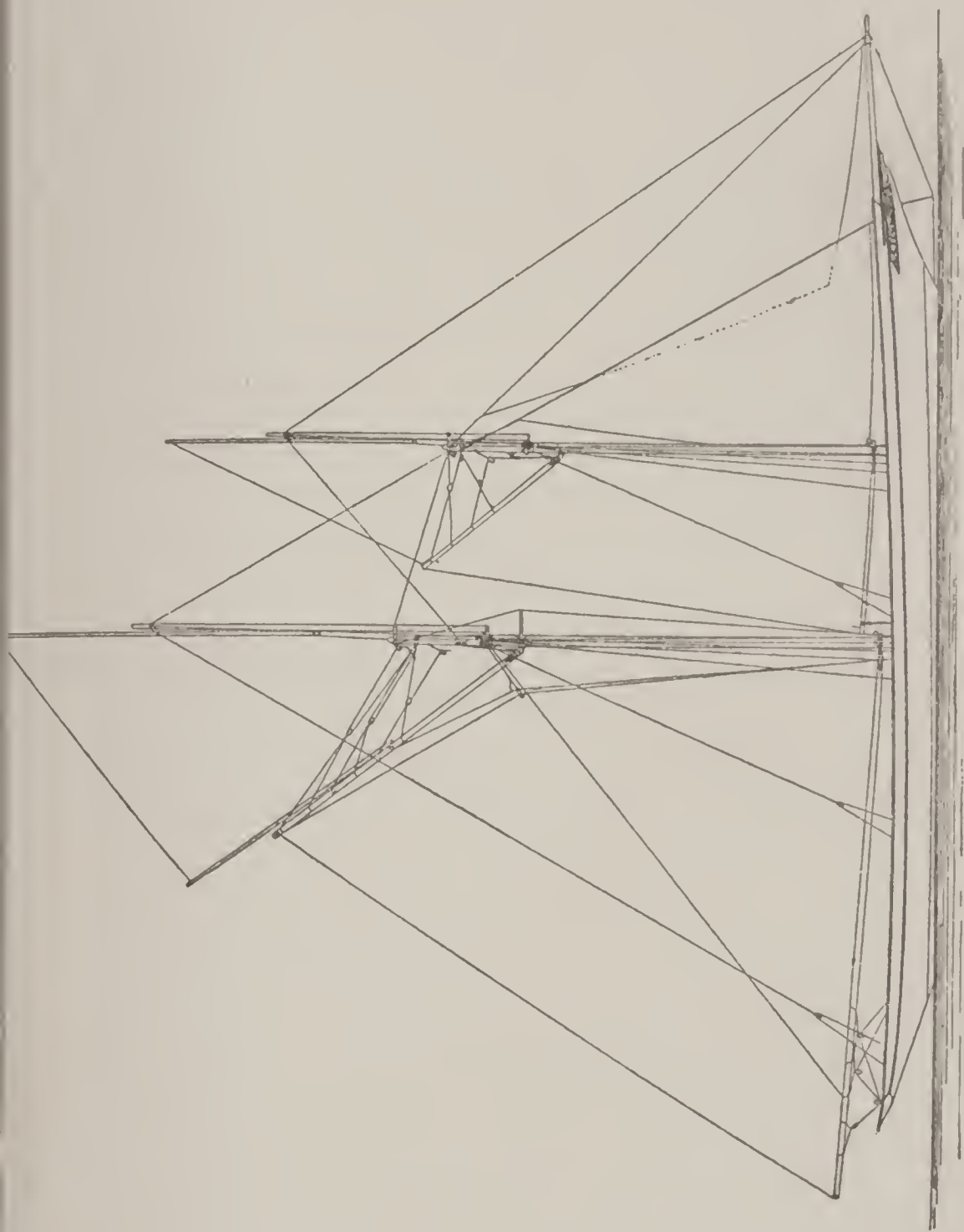
THISTLE

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Dist.
May 18	39.50	71.18	128
19	41.07	67.38	180
20	42.15	64.10	172
21	43.15	60.50	167
22	44.01	56.50	183
23	45.23	51.33	240
24	45.30	48.45	122
25	46.10	46.20	105
26	47.20	40.25	262
27	47.57	34.50	234
28	48.13	28.15	260
29	48.50	22.54	210
30	49.02	17.57	202
31	49.21	10.45	289
June 1		To Lizard	226
			<hr/>
			Total, 2980

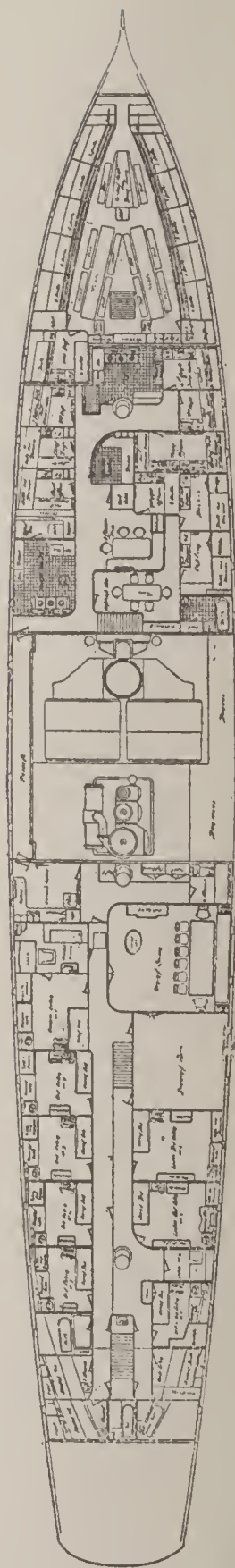
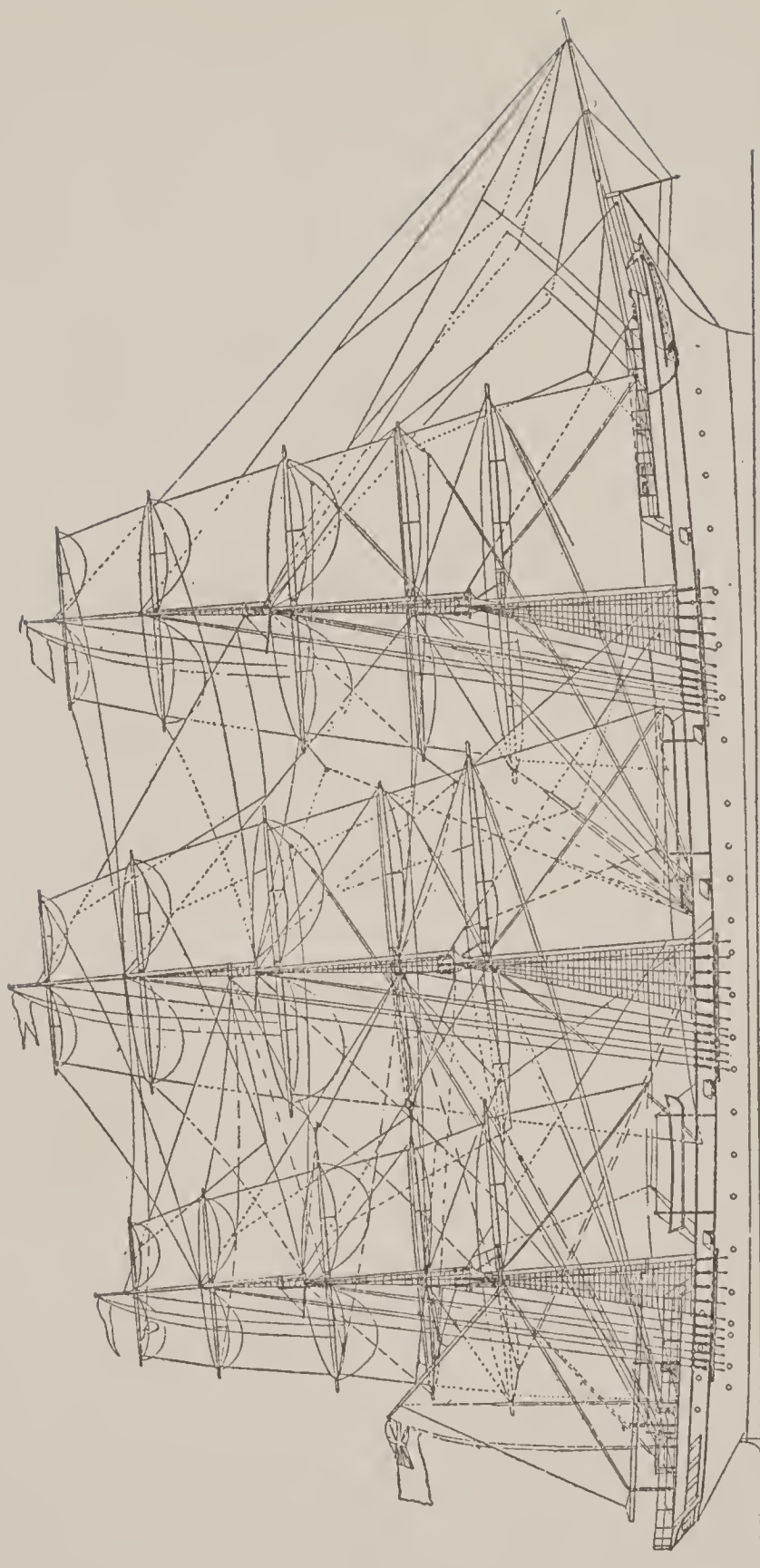
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TO GO TO PRESS WITHOUT A COPY OF
THE APACHE'S LOG



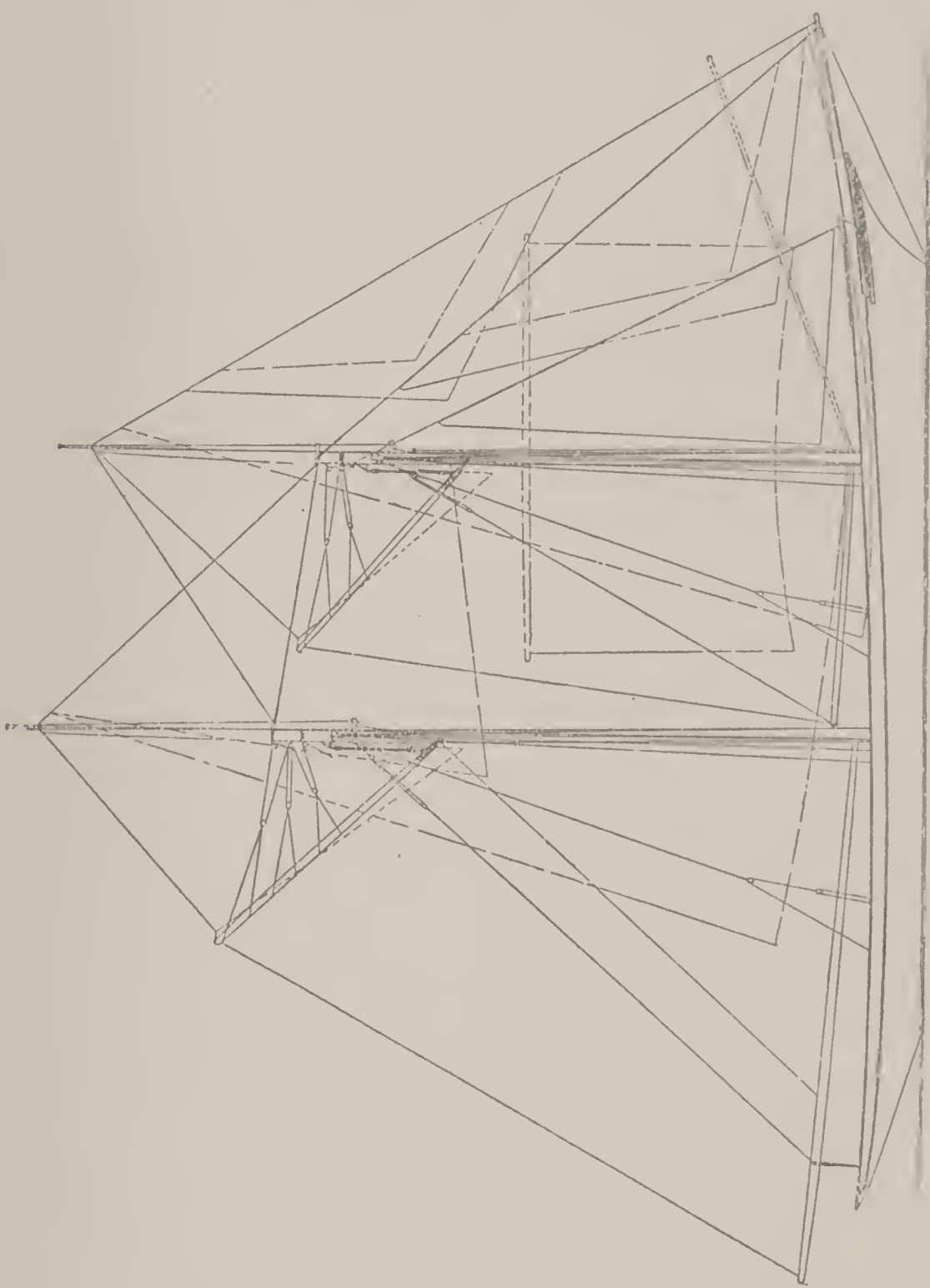
ATLANTIC



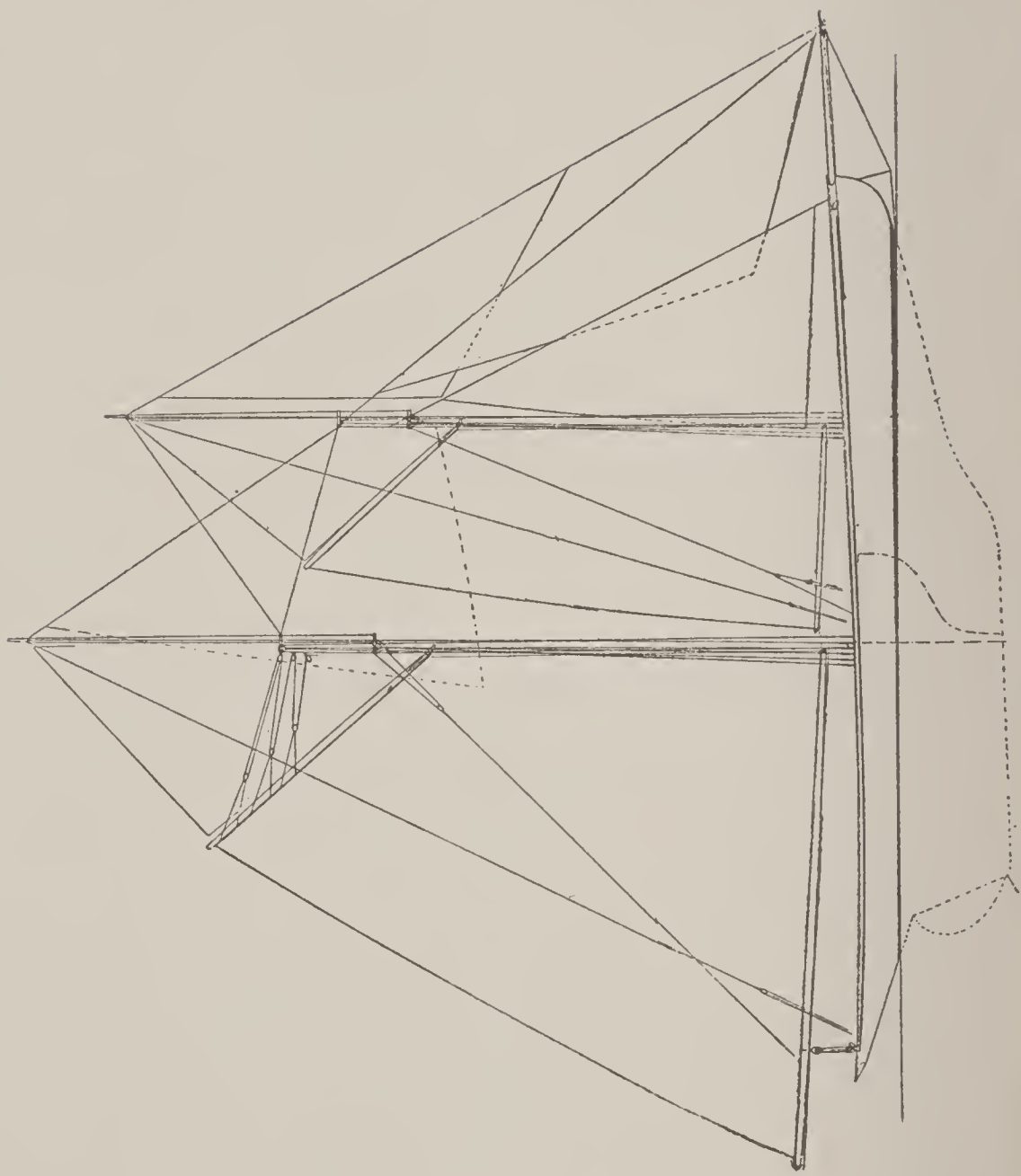
HAMBURG



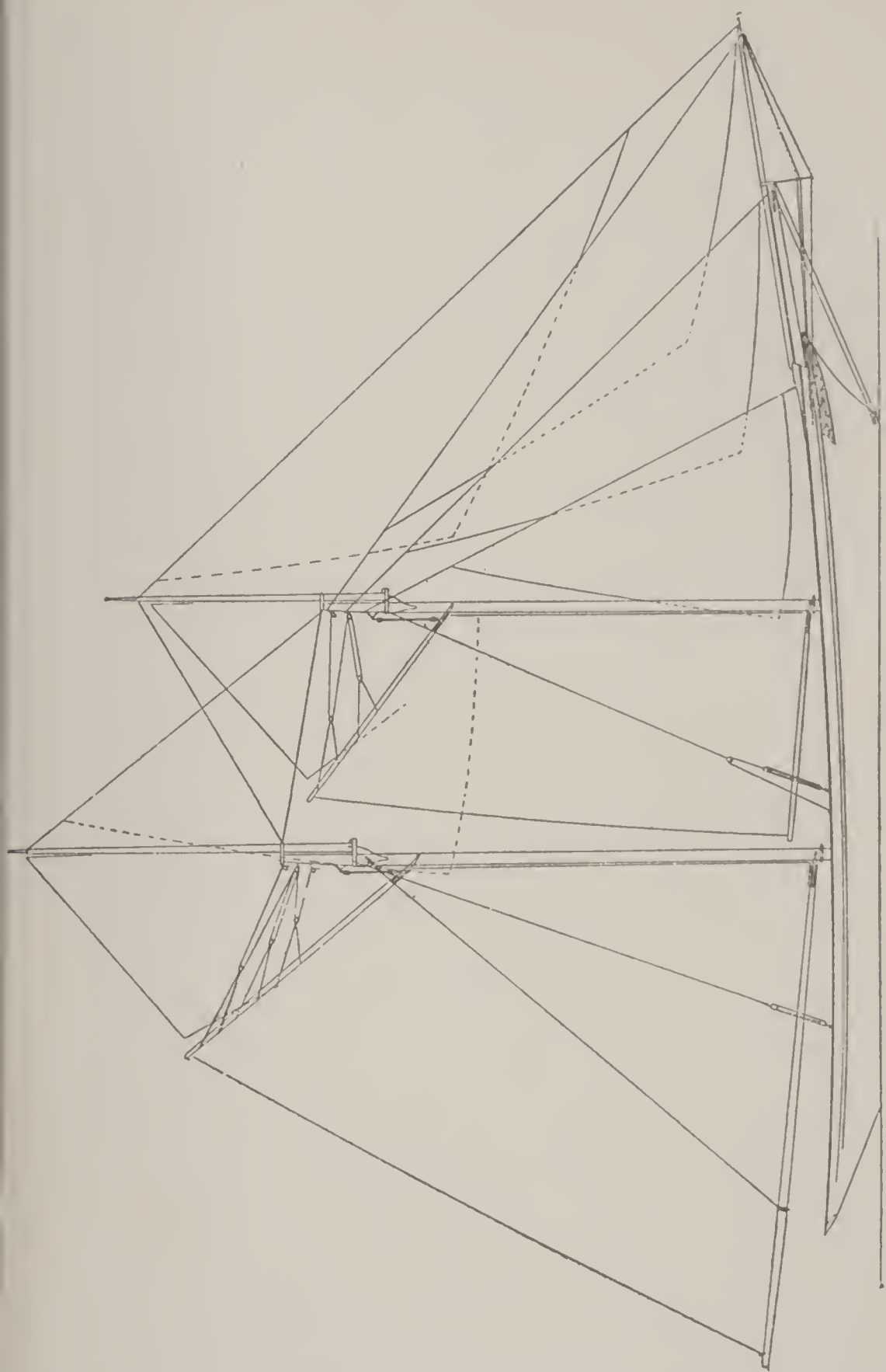
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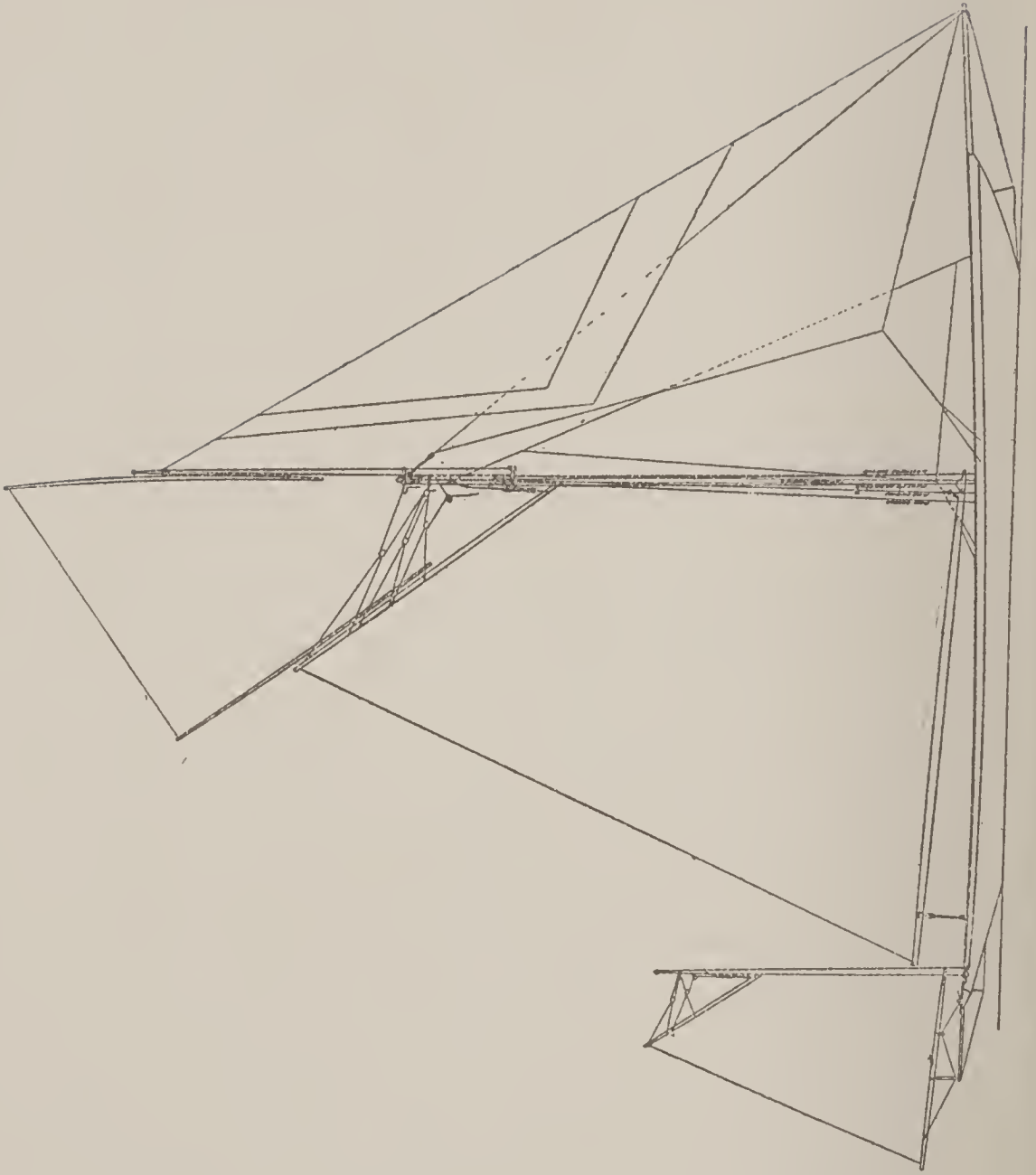
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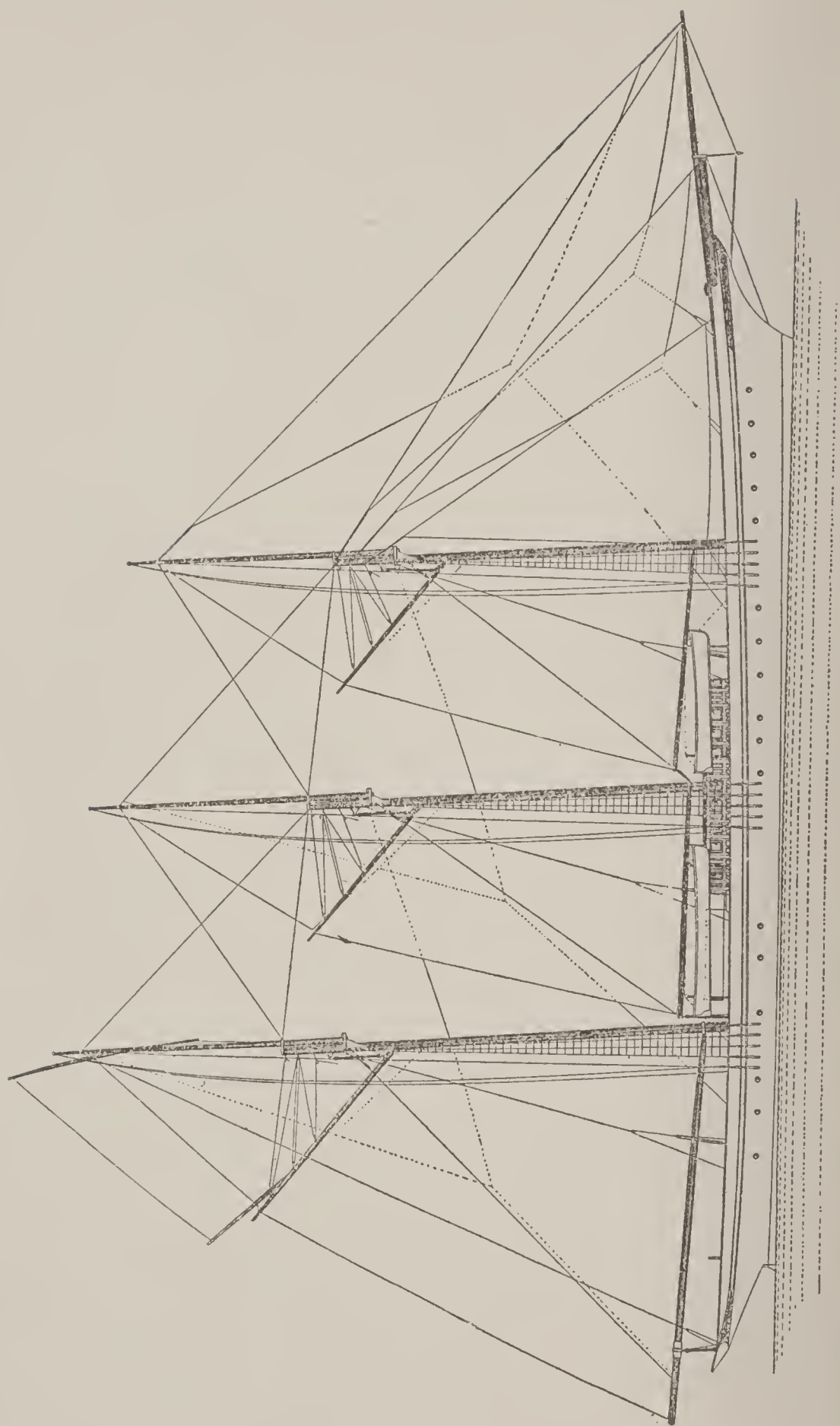
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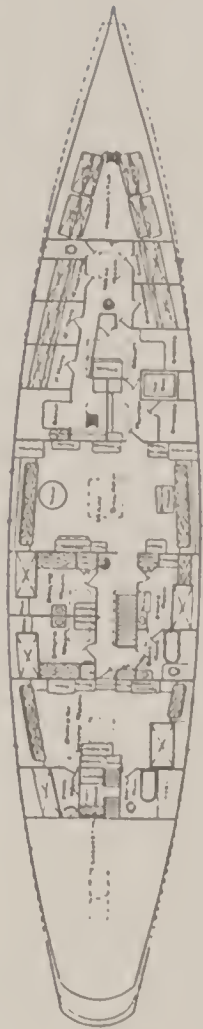
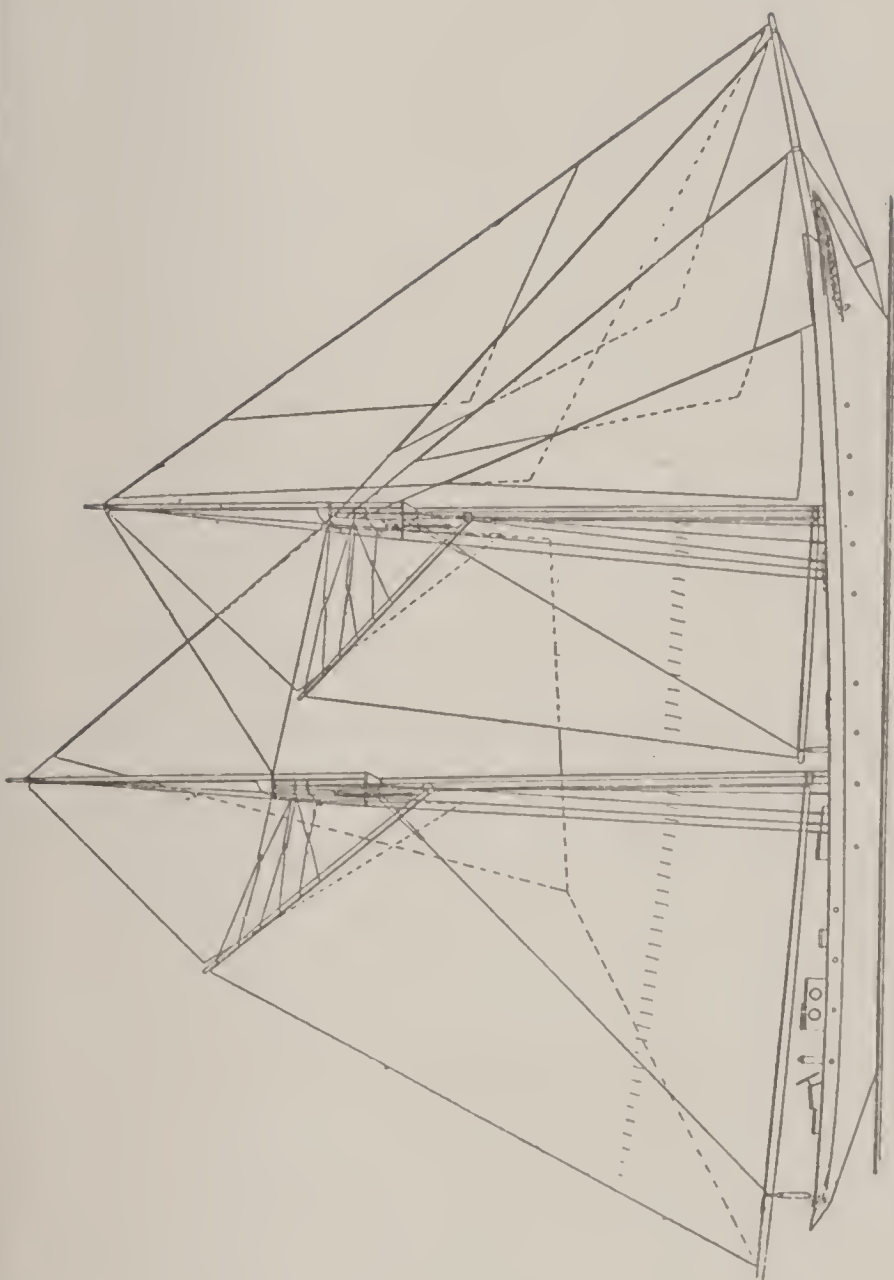
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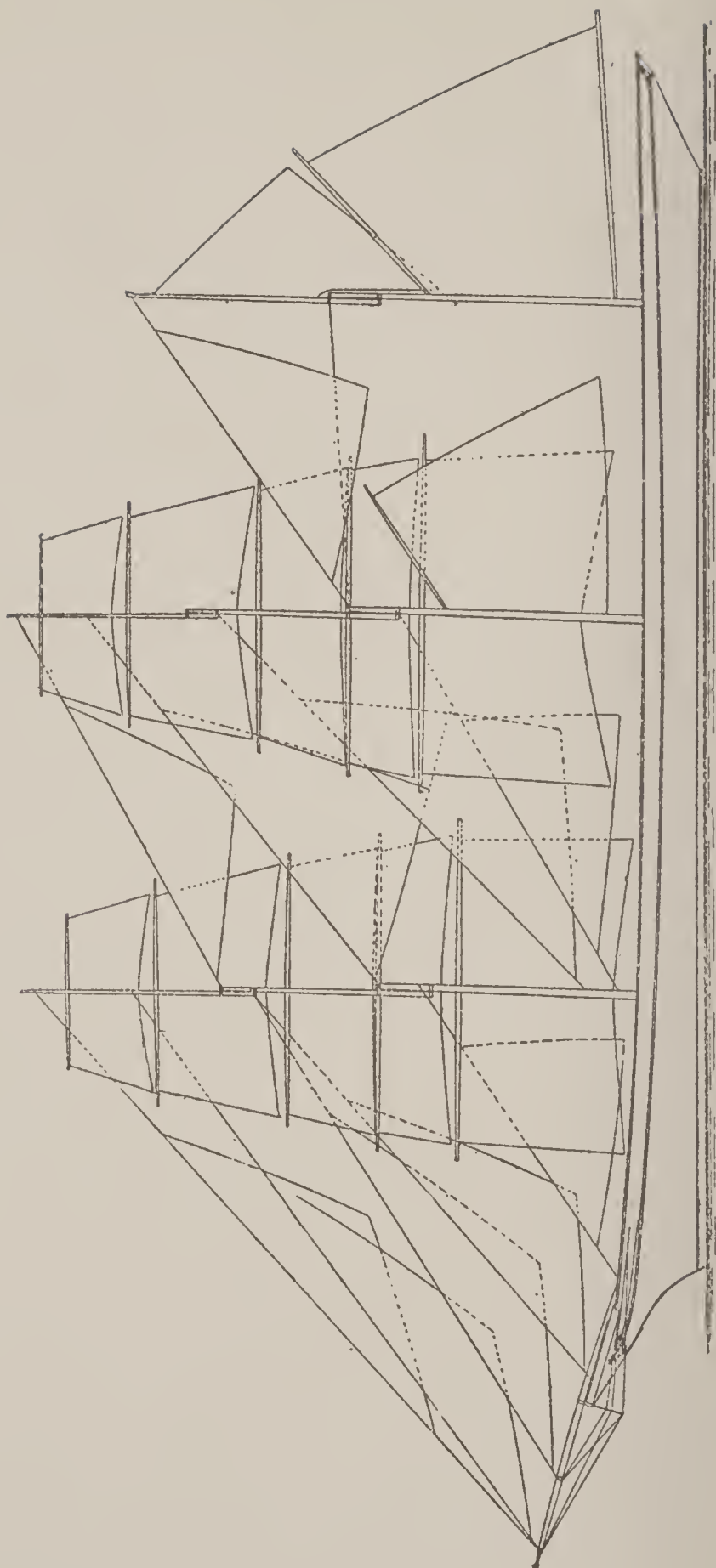
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UTOWANA



THISTLE



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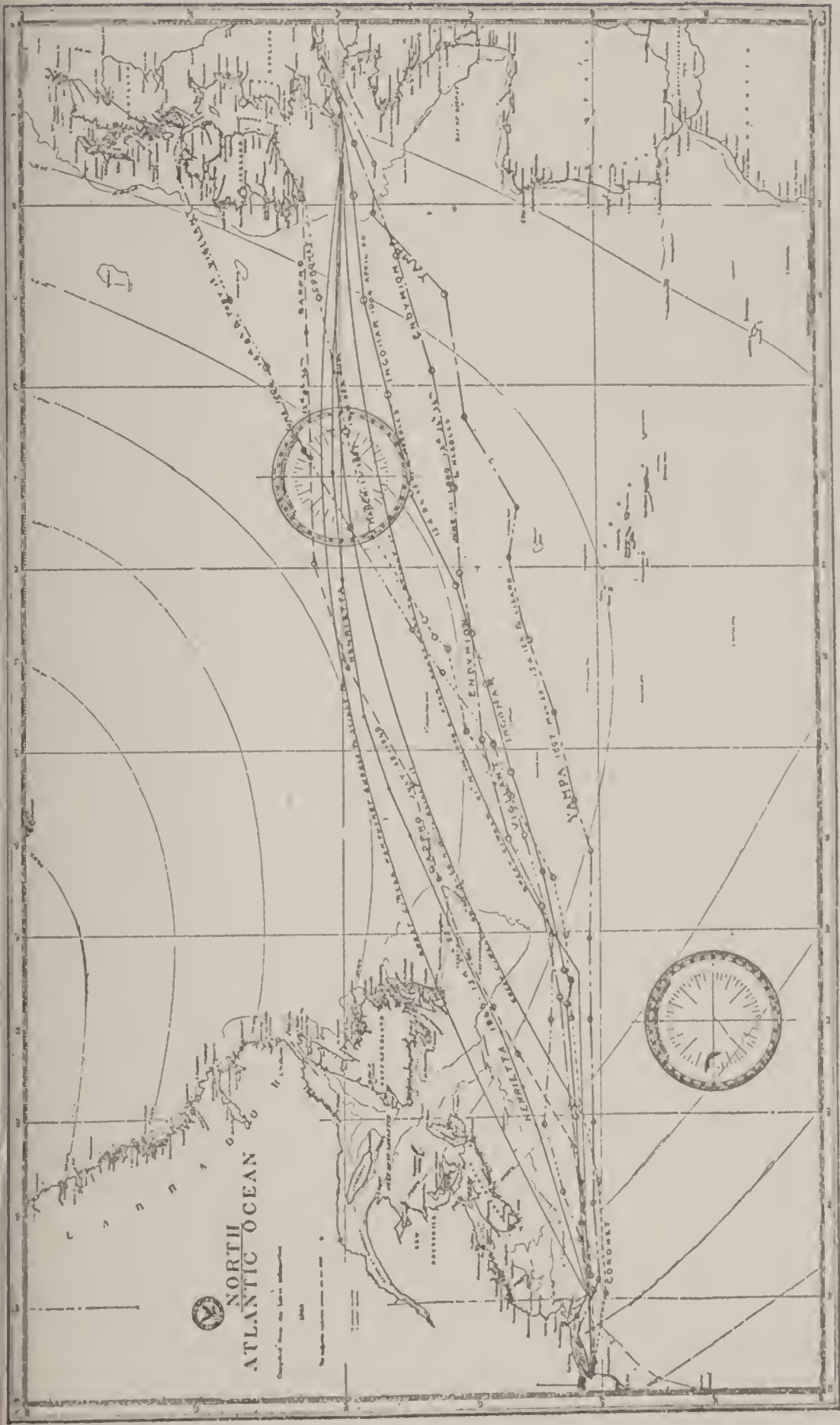


CHART SHOWING TRACK OF FASTEST PASSAGE ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN BY YACHTS.
PROJECTED BY ROBERT E. TOD, ESQ., SCHOONER THISTLE.

H 122 80



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